WEEK ENDING DEC. 28, 1929.

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A Weekly for Everybody

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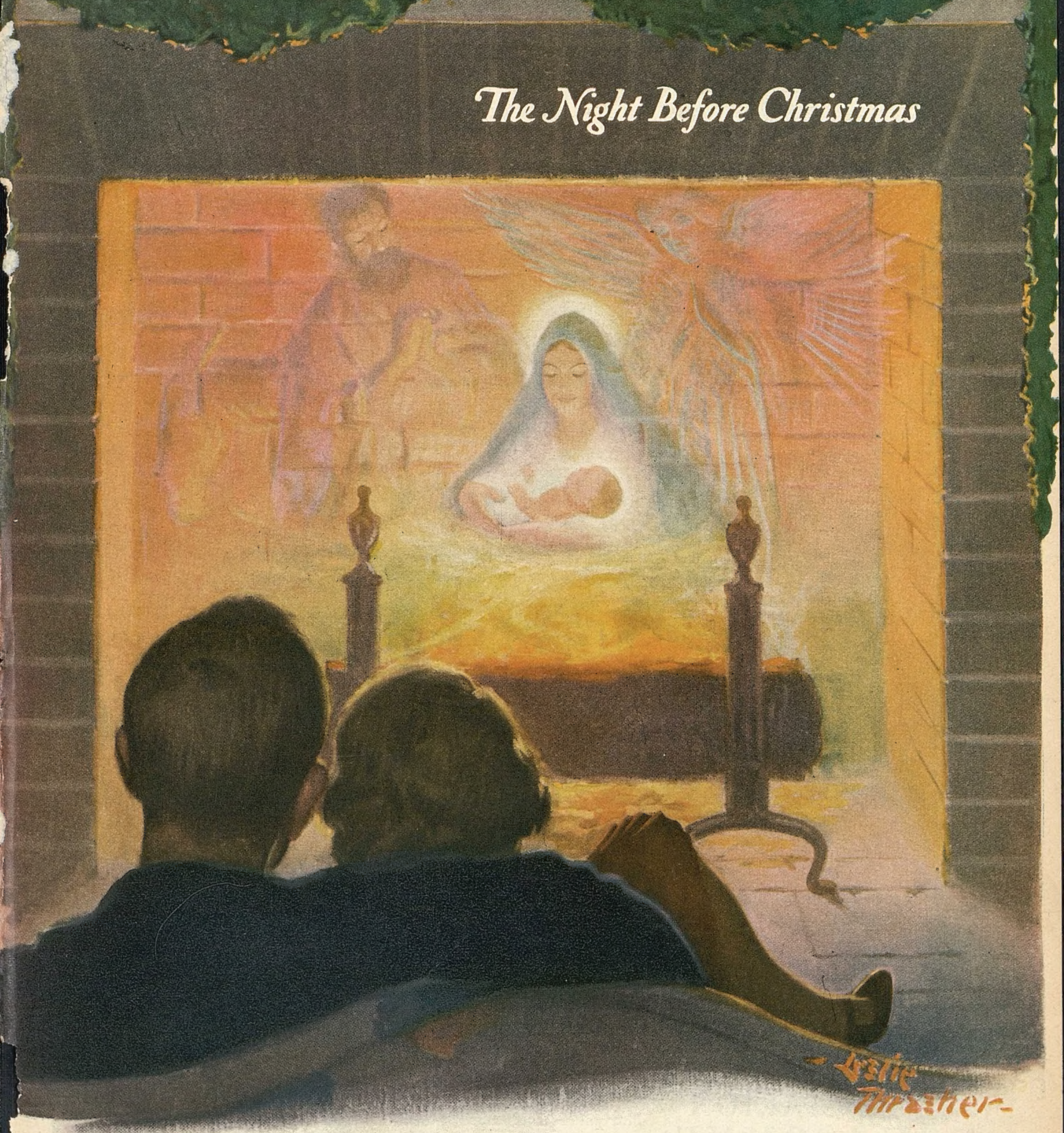

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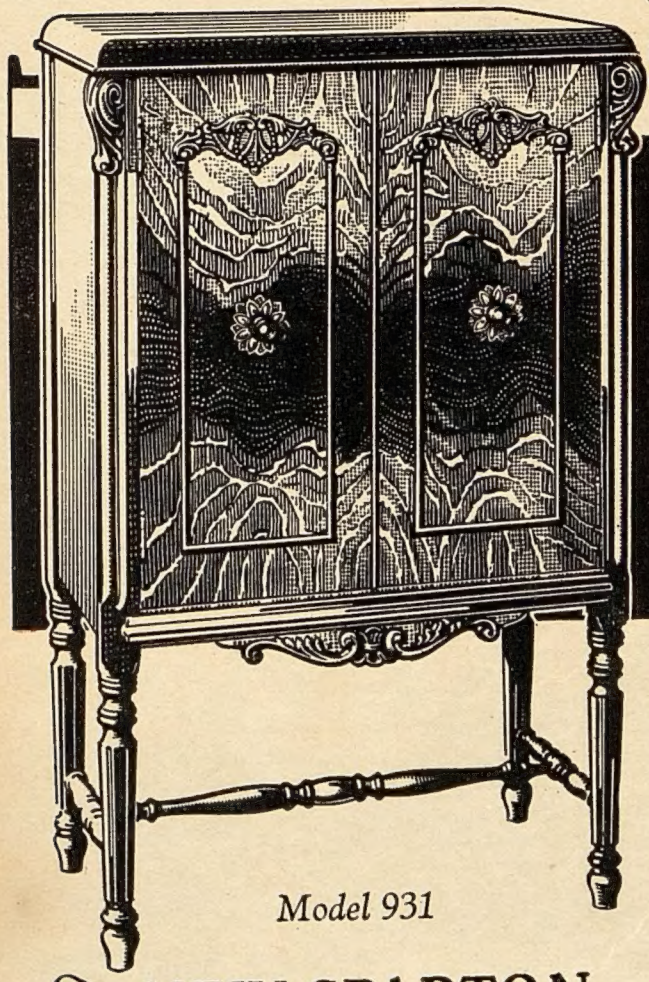

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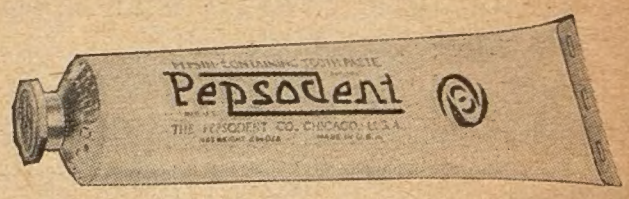

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DEC. 28, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 51

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

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Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ Address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE FILIPINOS

In our opinion, the best thing we could do for the Philippine Islands at this Christmas of 1929 —best for them and best for us—would be to give them their freedom.

As things are now, they present two problems: strategic and economic. And either way they are liabilities rather than assets.

Consider them first as they affect the great game of world politics.

When we agreed in 1922 not to fortify Guam or the Philippines themselves, we left these islands quite helplessly the prey of Japan, should we ever get into conflict with that far-eastern power.

Japan could gobble them up with one army division. Such troops as we might have there would have to surrender after fighting enough to "save their honor." A few second-rate naval vessels would be sunk, and a humiliating episode would be quickly ended.

Japan would have the islands, and we couldn't possibly get them back.

As strategic factors in possible warfare they are even worse than useless; they are detrimental, because our possession of them might influence the jingo party in Japan to declare war on us if a political situation arose that made such a thing desirable. It is a matter of record that monarchs often start foreign war to narcotize internal unrest.

A war fought in or for the Philippines would lead to certain victory for Japan—and that is the kind of war the Japanese like to fight. You may remember that it is the kind they fought against Russia. Also the kind they fought against Germany.

In each case they localized the fighting in the far east near their own bases and far from the enemy bases.

Passing on now from military to economic matters, you come upon a strange situation. When we went to war with Spain in 1898, Congress solemnly declared that we would never annex Cuba. And we never did, though in varying degrees the island has remained under our suzerainty.

Since Cuba is not a part of our political system, we have put a tariff on importations of its tobacco and sugar. This is done to protect growers of tobacco and sugar within the United States. But at the same time the Philippines can raise sugar about as cheaply as Cuba. Consequently when we tax Cuban sugar we are merely encouraging Philippine sugar to take its place.

There doesn't appear to be much sense in that.

If we must give preference either to Cuba or to the Philippines, it would seem reasonable to give it to Cuba.

To be sure we didn't take the island into our political system, but it is in what might be called our social and geographical system, and a great deal of our capital is invested there.

If, however, it is thought wise, in order to encourage the beet sugar industry in the United States, to put a high tariff on Cuban sugar, certainly it is wise to do the same thing to Philippine sugar, which can be produced about as cheaply. For if Cuban sugar is cut off, the Philippines and Porto Rico will soon be supplying the United States, and our own sugar industry will be in no wise benefited.

Summing up, a glance not so much at a map as at a globe will show what we mean.

The Philippines are one-third of the way around the world from us. The Philippine archipelago is a continuation of the Japanese archipelago, just as Cuba is merely a continuation of Florida.

We are in an unfortunate position with regard to the Philippines as far as world strategy is concerned, and a stupid one as far as economics are concerned.

Most of the Filipinos say they want independence. We think it would be a nice thing, for us at least, to give it to them.

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"Talking about manuals of arms," continued Mr. McCartney, "I bet Otto can do it. Come on, Otto."

Holy Night

A Story for Christmas Eve

By

BEVERLY SMITH

who is a reporter on the New York Herald Tribune. He is thirty-one years old, is married, and has absorbed the teachings of Johns Hopkins, Harvard, and Oxford. He was a practicing lawyer before turning to newspaper work.

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

YOU would hardly have recognized John McCartney's midtown restaurant and inspired speakeasy on the afternoon before Christmas. Mr. McCartney had done things up right.

In the big room at the back, where the old-fashioned bar is, extra electric lights, covered with fancy tissue paper, were strung across the ceiling.

Chains and wreaths of holly were hung along the walls. Candles burned in the window sills, just as if the windows weren't so closely screened on the outside that nobody could see in.

Otto, the little German waiter, regarded the gay scene with sad eyes. He was a meager, discouraged-looking man. He reminded you of a dog that has been whipped too much. But Mr. McCartney kept him on because he was polite, prompt—a good waiter. To the customers Otto was as inconspicuous and mechanical as the beer pump. Usually, when he was unoccupied, he leaned against the wall, staring at the floor.

The patrons, laughing and talking, were lined up before

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOLY NIGHT
Continued from page seven]

the big mahogany bar; business and professional men who usually came to McCartney's for lunch. Most of them had bundles under their arms—last-minute Christmas presents purchased for their families. They were not of the heavy-drinking type. Such were not welcome at McCartney's.

Mr. McCartney himself, robust and dignified, was behind the bar this afternoon, stirring steaming Tom and Jerry. Every Christmas he made it, according to the old formula of Professor Jerry Thomas, for Mr. McCartney was a traditional man. He dispensed it in the special mugs which he kept locked up for the rest of the year. No regular customer could pay for Tom and Jerry.

At the end of the bar, barricaded behind a big Virginia ham and an even bigger roast turkey, black Sam flourished his carving knife. He cut the generous, juicy slices with all the gesture of a conductor leading a symphony, and sandwiched them between pieces of toast. Sam had had his mug of Tom and Jerry. He smiled with all his white teeth as he passed out the helpings.

"Dat turkey's jus' tender as batter bread, yes, suh. An' taste dat ham. Shame to kill a hawg like dat one—he's sweet as a lily."

Otto leaned in his corner. Not much for him to do this afternoon. The dining room was almost empty. He listened vaguely to the animated conversation at the bar.

He looked at the great mirror behind the bar. He had laboriously veneered it the day before with the usual mixture of Epsom salts and beer. It was a good job of frosting, and the "Merry Xmas" in the center was done with curlicues. Mr. McCartney had commended him for it. Otto read the words indifferently. It was all alien to him.

It was nearing six o'clock, and most of those at the bar were having the just one more before going home to dinner.

"You can talk all you want about your turkeys," one of them was saying, "but I've got some wild ducks a friend sent me from way down south. This friend of mine—I'm telling you—he's the best shot you ever saw. He's got a gun his father used to use before the Civil War, but he can bring down more with it than the rest of us can with all our modern scientific shooting toys."

"You interested in guns, Mr. Train?" asked Mr. McCartney. "I got something here you might like to see. I collect guns. I got more than a hundred of 'em at home."

HE brought out from under the bar a heavy, polished rifle, much like the army Springfield. Near the lock was inscribed on the metal: "Deutsche Munitions Fabriken, Spandau."

"Funny history to this thing," said Mr. McCartney. "Armistice Day eleven years ago, just fifteen minutes before eleven o'clock, one of our boys took this out of a dying German's hand. The boy was a private in the company of Captain Charley Fisher. You know Charley—he's a detective lieutenant now, down to police headquarters."

Standing behind the bar, Mr. McCartney went through, a little clumsily, the manual of arms.

"I've forgot all that," he said apologetically. "Haven't done it since I was down at Chickamauga, 'bout thirty years ago, with the old Eighth Regiment, New York National Guard. Infantry in those days. We never heard a shot fired. There eight months, and lost sixty-one per cent of our strength. Fever and poison beef. That's war for you. Beats some of the losses in the trenches in the worst of it, I guess."

Several of the men near the bar stepped forward to examine the rifle. They shot the smoothly greased lock critically, tried the trigger pull. An older man with an iron-gray mustache drew Mr. McCartney aside to talk about the Spanish-American war and tell him the real story of what happened at San Juan Hill. He spoke low: "They've got it all wrong. . . . Negro troops . . . smallpox hospital . . ." was all the others could hear.

A veteran of the Argonne spoke up. He handled the rifle expertly.

"See this slot here under the strap? The Heinies fixed up a clip arrangement here so that they could slip a clip of twenty-six cartridges underneath, feeding upward. With the six in the magazine, it made this old pipe almost like an automatic rifle. And how those Heinies could use 'em!"

The group crowded closer, all eager to tell something they knew of guns and war. Even Otto had left his place, and hovered on the outskirts of the military men, trying to peer over their taller shoulders. At last Mr. McCartney saw him.

"SPEAKING about guns, gentlemen," he said, "and German guns in particular, Otto over there knows something about 'em, I bet. In the German army from nineteen thirteen to July, eighteen, when he was wounded too bad to go back. Fourth time he was wounded. Everywhere from Roosia to Verdun, wasn't you, Otto? What kind of a rifle is this, Otto?"

"It iss a Spandau, Mr. McCartney," said Otto, abashed by the attention.

"Talking about manuals of arms, gentlemen," continued Mr. McCartney, "I bet Otto can do it for you. Come on, Otto, show us how you used to do it."

He passed the weapon over to the little waiter. Otto took it with the practiced grasp of one long accustomed to arms. The butt cracked smartly on the floor.

Then came a voice that nobody there had heard before. It was guttural, sharp, strong, commanding. It tightened the nerves.

"*Presentiert das Gewehr!*" said Otto. The first word was pronounced almost slowly—*pray-zen-teert*. Then a quickening tempo, with the last bitten off as with the click of a tiger's teeth.

Otto's body was at ironlike attention. The barrel of the rifle was squarely between his eyes. The man was transformed. He seemed taller. The eyes stared, but seemed alert. No scowl was there, but menace was written on the brow. The room was silent.

The timid waiter was gone. In his place stood, re-created for a flash of time, the discipline, the power, the terror of the German army when it stood the world on end. And then a querulous call from the next room:

"Otto, where's that *Wiener Schnitzel?*"

The light faded from Otto's eyes. He shrank to his small waiter's proportions. He handed the rifle back over the bar to Mr. McCartney, and trotted into the dining room.

"I come, sir. I'm sorry, sir."

He got the neglected *Wiener Schnitzel* from the cook and served it shakily. Afraid of a reproof, he dusted about the table for a moment, fetched some more water, straightened the tablecloth.

And then there was a mighty shouting from the bar.

"Otto! . . . Otto! . . . We want Otto!"

Back he trotted again. When he entered the bar, they were all facing him. His head turned from one to another, uncomprehending. The iron-gray-mustached man, who had been talking to Mr. McCartney earlier about the Spanish-American war, spoke:

"Otto," he said, "these younger men here, your old enemies, want to salute you. And so do us oldsters. We never knew what you have been through—what we sometimes talk about, and a lot more. We want you to drink with us. Make it a good one. The war is over. This is Christmas Eve."

"What will it be, Otto?" said Mr. McCartney. "Tom and Jerry?"

Otto hesitated. He had never taken a drink in his three years at McCartney's. Doctors had told him he had no chest left for drinking. But he could not say this now.

"I will haf, please, a little beer, Mr. McCartney," he said.

"Champagne if you want it, Otto," said the toastmaster.

"No, sir, please, a little beer," said Otto.

"Bring down that big stein off the hook, Mr. McCartney," urged the man from the Argonne. "Otto can handle it. Fill 'er up. I've seen Otto's friends down them in Coblenz."

Mr. McCartney brought down the big liter-and-a-half stein, washed the dust off it, filled it to the brim, scooped off the foam, and handed it to Otto.

"We drink to you, Otto," said the elderly man, "and to all your companions who fought gallantly for the right as they saw it in the German armies. Here's looking at you. *Hoch!*"

Otto remembered the code of the mess hall. He must down it. He drew a breath, opened his throat as he had done long ago, and poured the draft, long and steadily, until it was gone. He gulped and shivered a little, but it did not go badly. The others were gathered around him, shaking his hand and squeezing his arm.

. . . . .

At seven, when Otto's shift was ended, he put on his long black coat and narrow-brimmed hat to go. Mr. McCartney followed him to the door.

"You got a kid, haven't you, Otto? Well, here's a present for him. From the gent with the mustache. Good luck to you. And take tomorrow off."

YOUNG Harry, the other waiter, was waiting by the door. Harry was a tough one from the lower Hell's Kitchen section. He had always gone out of his way to bear down on Otto. Tonight, as Otto opened the door, Harry gave him a friendly slap on the back that made him cough.

"Boy," he said, "you're all right."

Otto stamped along the pavements to the strains of distant music. He was living over the 1915 triumphs.

Otto went out into the open air and walked for a moment unseeing. He threw his shoulders back and stepped with a military stride that was almost a goose step.

Possibly the beer had something to do with it. But six glasses of mild beer is not so much. Much more it was what he had been through within the hour. The feel of the Spandau in his hand. The old command. A memory of glory, with dark backgrounds of horror which he wanted to forget. But now, with the good beer in his stomach and the cold wind blowing in his face, he preferred to remember the glory. He marched stiffly, his heels almost clipping sparks from the frosty pavement.

He remembered those hot days of early August in Hanover, 1914. The march to the *Hauptbahnhof* to entrain. The girls running into the streets to twine flowers around the soldiers' caps. His old uncle trying to force into his hand the obsolete pistol he carried at Sedan.

The sunshine. "*Todenkopf. Todenkopf!*"—insignia of the Ninety-second Regiment—the Death's-Head Regiment—invincible! The band playing the regimental song, the soldiers, the sisters, the mothers, the fathers, the sweethearts—all joining in. Glory, dust, sunshine, the glitter of steel.

LITTLE Otto stamped along the cold pavements of New York to the strains of distant martial music. His eyes were straight ahead. One or two in the Christmas crowd looked at him curiously. He was almost run down by a taxi as he crossed Ninth Avenue, going westward. The driver swore at him. He did not notice. He was living over the 1915 triumphs against the Russians on the eastern front. He, yes he, had been chosen as one of the *Fliegende* Division of Hindenburg's Tenth Army Corps—the flying divisions that go where it is hottest.

Before he knew it, Otto had reached the ramshackle old apartment house where he lived. He walked up the four flights and opened the door of the dingy flat.

His four-year-old son seized him by the trouser leg.

"George, *du kleiner!*" exclaimed Otto.

He took the boy and lifted him high in his arms.

"Your old father iss not so bad, after all. Here! I show you."

Otto seized a broom that stood in the corner. He snapped to attention.

"*Presentiert das Gewehr!*" he boomed. "So—und so. And now, *kindschen*, you must do it—so."

He thrust the broom into the little boy's hands. George held the broom helplessly.

"*Presentiert das Gewehr! Ach, nein, nein, nein!* What would the captain say? I show you again, once."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOLY NIGHT
Continued from page nine]

The child looked at his father, bewildered. Otto, as he took the broom, saw his wife standing in the doorway of the kitchen. She was looking at him strangely. His mouth dropped open. As he stared at her, her face puckered up and two tears rolled down her cheeks. George turned and ran to his mother.

She led him into the bedroom, and closed the door.

Otto dropped the broom. He stood for a moment, drawing his hand across his face.

. . . . .

Otto's wife, Laura, had come from Ohio. She was a thin, brown-haired, brown-eyed girl of twenty-six, almost as small for a woman as Otto was for a man. She had been a day waitress in the Fourteenth Street hash-house where Otto got his first job as a night waiter after he came to this country. She was alone, too—as much lost in the city as Otto.

They were both lonely, frightened people, naturally gentle. They had become friends. She had lost her brother, her older hero-brother, in the American attack on the St. Mihiel salient. She knew Otto had been in the German army. By mutual consent they never discussed the war during their courtship.

But after they were married neighbors sometimes nagged her. This was in 1923. They said she had married a Hun. And sometimes Otto would find himself talking about the war. He told once how, from a place in a tree, he, chosen as a sniper because of his marksmanship, had picked off one American after another in the first encounter with green American troops at Château-Thierry. And then Laura had cried and said that the neighbors were right; that he was a foreigner and a Hun.

In the new country Otto seemed to hear this word often—Hun, as though in an undertone. He worried about his wife's hearing it. He felt alien. It made him self-conscious and timid, because he could not afford to offend anyone, to lose a job. And through him these things worked upon Laura. Otto seemed not to become more American. He seemed more distrustful of things American. He drew more and more into himself.

. . . .

STANDING now in the middle of the living room, Otto passed his hand again over his face. All the exhilaration, the transport he had felt, left him. He was suddenly tired, weak in the knees.

As he did whenever he was troubled, he took down his violin from the mantel. He sat in the easy-chair and drew the bow over the strings. His chest hurt him—a stabbing pain. His arms throbbed from handling the heavy Spandau.

He started to play one of his war favorites:

Ich hat einen Kameraden
Einen bessern find'st du nicht . . .

He saw his regiment in the later days of the war, hungry, ill-equipped, overwhelmed. He remembered how one comrade after another, one after another, had gone down before his eyes. How he too, at last, had felt the shock, the numbness in the chest. The fourteen months in hospital. He lay back and closed his eyes.

From somewhere downstairs he heard a tune faintly. A radio on the first floor. He could barely hear it.

Stille nacht, heilige nacht.

Silent night, holy night. He sat up, took the bow, and played again—this time surely and well. He had played it at home when he was a boy. He remembered the *Weihnachtsabend*, the Christmas Eve, in Hanover, long before war was thought of. The Christmas tree. The presents. The happiness. The family that the war had maimed and scattered.

He stopped. God in heaven! What was he doing here to make Christmas happy for his own wife and child? Stamping into the house, doing the manual of arms with a broom. The war was over. The gentlemen at McCartney's had said it.

He had done nothing for Christmas—no presents, no Christmas tree. Sitting here, mourning over his own sorrows. And with money in his pockets—pay and good tips. Mourning about a little hole in his chest, when his wife's brother, storming a machine-gun nest, had been riddled by a battery of them before he had died. Like his own comrades. How good those men had been to him this afternoon! And George running to grab his trouser leg, and him pushing a broom at him and yelling.

Otto got up and walked softly to the bedroom door. Maybe Laura and the child were asleep. He opened the door quietly. The screen was drawn around George's crib. In the other corner of the room Laura was on her knees, trimming a scrawny little Christmas tree. She put her finger to her lips.

OTTO felt the pain in his chest again, but it was different this time. He tiptoed over and knelt beside his wife.

"Laura," he whispered, "I was crazy tonight, *verrückt*. But it was not all my fault. I know not how to say it. I was excited. I was all over excited from what happened this afternoon. I did not mean any wrong. The gentlemen there at the place—they was so kind to me. It made me remember and think back on the war, but only it was because it makes me feel like myself again, and because these gentlemen, they were to me like my old friends who are killed. For so long I felt everybody in this country is mad with me—I know not how I am to say it—that when they treat me this way, all of a sudden I get so excited.

"You must try to forgive, Laura. I was so happy because now I know I can find friends in this country. These gentlemen maybe cannot be regular friends, because I am now just a waiter, but they was like comrades, and I can find many other friends here. And I can be happier, and you can be happier, and George—he is going to get along fine when he grows up, better than both of us. And, Laura, I go out now to get some presents and things for George. . . ."

Otto got up. There, Laura was crying again. What had he done wrong now? He patted her gently on the back and went out to get some presents. It was bad that she was still sad, but he would get the best he could. As he went down the steps he felt in his pockets. He had more money than he had thought. Some of those gentlemen must have slipped some extra tips in his pockets. He knew some shops that were open late on Ninth Avenue. He broke into a trot.

In half an hour he was on his way back, his arms full of toys, a big turkey, tied by the legs, slung over his back, holly wreaths dangling from his elbow.

But still he was worried. Laura was still sad, or why had she cried? Maybe she could never forgive him for being in the German army. But that was not her fault. She had done everything for him; taken care of him, nursed him when he was sick. He would do everything to make her happy, to try to make her forgive him. George, anyway, he would grow up happy without any of these troubles.

He went in quietly. He put the turkey in the ice box. Then he and Laura, not making a sound, arranged the toys around the tree where George would see them in the morning. They hung the holly wreaths.

Otto, always thorough, made a final careful examination of the tree. Laura stood beside him. He paused in his examination and stood quietly. What was that on the branch? It was what he and Laura had once quarreled about. She had said she never could look at it again. He had hidden it in the bottom of the drawer years ago. It was his Iron Cross of the second class, tied now with a gay streamer of tinsel.

THE END

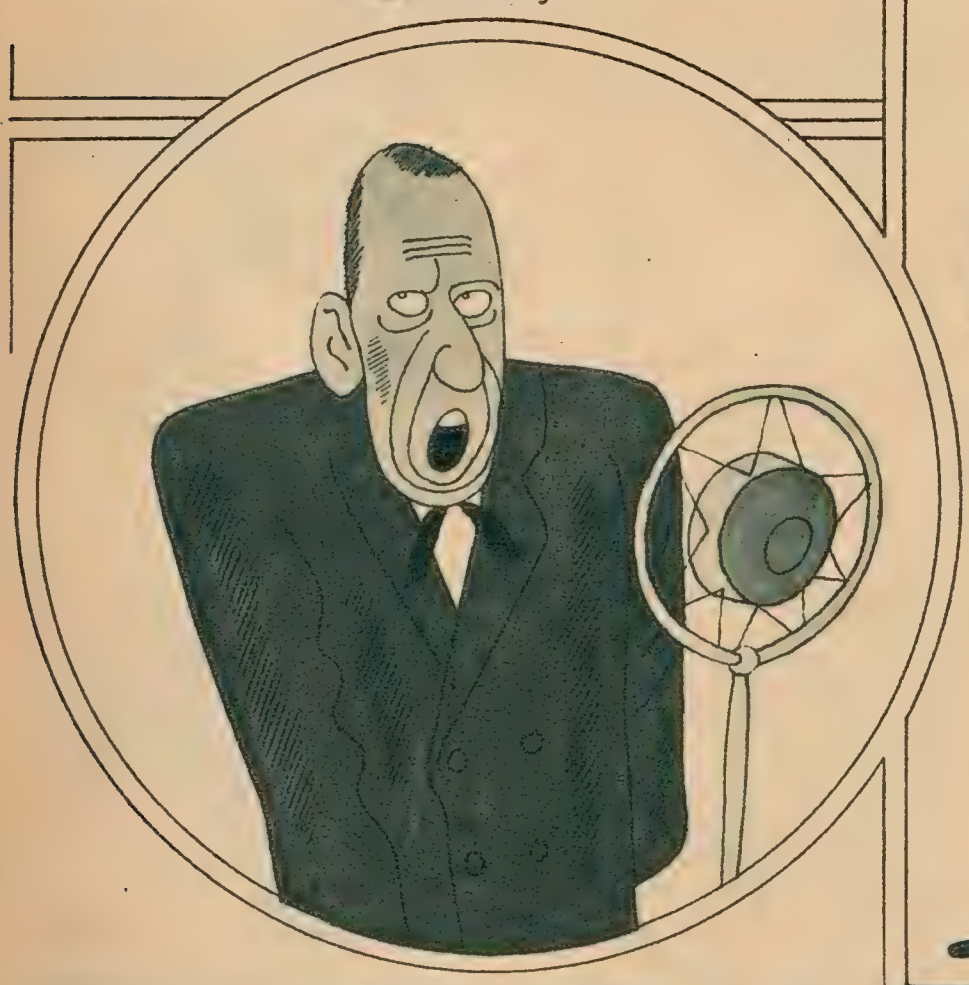
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE COMPLETE RETURNS OF THE MEXICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION as posted last week in Mexico City.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE MARKET CRASH. How the Europeans who had things to sell to rich Americans took the news.



REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN ORATOR IN 1932: "Maybe the Grand Old Party didn't quite live up to its promise about keeping business prosperous, but you'll have to admit we've settled forever the grave problem of where to seat people at dinner in Washington."

A SIMPLE DEVICE for holding congressmen in an erect position while they stand up and vote dry.

The GRANDFLAPPER

An Adventure with the Rising Generation

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

IS the modern college a place where everything is exercised except a little self-control? What do they teach at the big universities nowadays, besides the courses which the professors have to offer? Is the behavior of the average undergraduates as bad as they say it is, or worse? These anxious questions are being asked by parents all over the country, but mighty few are in a position to answer them. I am.

For I have recently had what I believe to be, for one of my age, the unique experience of seeing the Big Game of the Year as it looks from the undergraduate point of view, and I belong to what is alleged to be the critical older generation. I went to this game, not as a chaperon, but as one of the girls. I have seen this much advertised younger generation completely off its guard; I have been one of them and shared their devilries. And what I have seen I have observed with the coldly appraising eyes of my true age, which is well over forty.

When the hero of this story, whom I shall call Dicky, asked me to P—— for the game, I thought that of course I was being asked as chaperon. But almost immediately his next words set me right.

Here, with her eleven-year-old son, John Francis Putnam, is the "grandflapper" who wrote this article. Miss Putnam (Mrs. R. J. Sanderson) has been writing and getting her work into print since she herself was eleven. Her homes are in Connecticut and Florida. Much of her time has been spent in France.

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

"I promised the kid I'd bring along something hot!" said he, looking at me admiringly, "and if you like, we'll step out with him and his priceless she. His roommate is bringing a girl that's a lot your style. We'll make a very neat whoopee, if you'll say so!"

For a good three minutes I looked at him rather dazed while it slowly percolated to my intelligence that, even in this day of tricky language, he was not employing the usual formula for annexing a chaperon. Then I remembered that Dicky had only just met me. I am always addressed as Miss Putnam, though I am not a Lucy Stoner, and this "Miss" business had misled Dicky. I thrilled with excitement as I realized the success of my disguise. A lot of people have told me I look young, and Heaven knows I make enough effort to do so. But I had always taken these assurances with a grain of salt. Now I had been handed the biggest compliment of my life! A kid less than a year out of college had mistaken me for one of his own generation, danced with me twice, and was asking me to go down to the Big Game!

At first I was inclined to laugh and disillusion him. It was quite clear that he did not know who I was, and thought me merely a reasonably attractive girl of about his own age.

My literary pride sprang to arms for a moment and I almost set him right and lost the chance which might never have come again. But instead I gathered my wits together and accepted.

"Gosh!" said Dicky; "that's okey! Say, I wish we could raise a car somewhere and drive down. I've got a case of gin to take along, and there's such a mob of hijackers on the train!"

"Perhaps I can borrow dad's car," I suggested hopefully, thinking of my own touring car but too wise to claim it.

"Snap to it," chortled Dicky. "I knew I picked a live one when I spotted you this aft. Do you really think you can get it?" he added anxiously. "My old man won't trust me with any of the family hearses any more since I wrapped my roadster around an elm tree."

A slight chill surrounded my feet at these words, even though I remembered the car was insured. But I showed no outward signs of weakening. Instead I emitted an expressive sound which Dicky had used in lieu of conversation earlier in our encounter.

"Hey! hey!" I said. "I'll get that car! *And* you can depend on that, if you'll drive it!"

"And how!" said he.

It was all settled then. I went home and took a good long look in the mirror. Well, it wasn't so bad. For forty-odd—quite odd, in fact—the illusion of slim blonde youth wasn't incomplete.

And men, be they just boys or still boys, are fairly easy to deceive. But would I get by with the girls of the party?

I did not know who they were, but any girl from the moment she leaves the cradle becomes a pretty keen judge of other women's ages, and I realized that if the girls were on to me the whole experiment would be spoiled. They would instantly be on guard, and not, as I profoundly hoped, perfectly natural and unconcerned with my presence. I

Scores a TOUCHDOWN

wanted most awfully to see what really went on in the rising generation, but I knew the female element would be the one to crab my act if anyone did. However, I'd take every precaution. My clothes would be chosen with as much care as if I were making up for a part, and above all, I must remember to keep my mouth shut—except to giggle, of course!

Well, as I sat there looking at my map to see if I could locate the boundary lines between youth and age, I remembered the last time a boy "of my own age" had asked me to a football game. That had been about twenty-six years ago. Of course in the meanwhile I had attended plenty of big games, but always in that class of outsiders who have no active connection with university life.

BUT twenty-six years ago Teddy had invited me up to the Princeton game, at New Haven. How thrilled I had been! There was no question then of prying somebody loose from a car. Teddy, one year out of college, had provided tickets on the train up from New York. Three tickets, one for me, one for himself, and one for the chaperon, his aunt Mrs. Rastus, a name over which I am afraid we snickered in whispers when she dozed.

Teddy provided luncheon at the old New Haven House; a scrumptious luncheon with three kinds of hot bread, chicken with plenty of stuffing, and apple pie à la mode. It was a fearful battle reaching our table, and the colored waiters were almost rushed white. But the crowd on

Twenty-six years ago Teddy had invited me up to the Princeton game. How thrilled I had been!

e things of which the unger generation is so libly accused are true.

the street car, going out to the field, was even worse, although very good-natured. We girls carried Yale flags tied on to canes, and I had great difficulty keeping mine and at the same time protecting the enormous knob of violets with which Teddy had presented me, not to mention my cart-wheel hat, which was knocked galley-west. Everybody had Yale flags and violets or Princeton flags and yellow chrysanthemums.

The old wooden stands of the field creaked uncomfortably under us during the game, and it was bitter cold. But there wasn't a warming flask in the crowd. Instead, Mrs. Rastus had a hot-water bottle! And after the game we made a rush for the train back to New York, in order to avoid the rougher element, who would, alas! get disagreeably tight at the Hofbrau and Morey's.

Such was the last Big Game of the Year I had attended. It had been thoroughly respectable, wholesome, and above all *young!* The game itself was all-important; the interest in winning keen. I had a marvelous time at it. The most questionable thing which occurred was a desperately risqué talk with Teddy on the train coming back, as to whether a man ought to be perfectly innocent when he married. Curiously enough, Teddy contended that he should be, while I, in common with most of the girls of my generation, was of the opinion that a man with some wild oats in his last year's garden made a better husband.

Had Mrs. Rastus, who sat two seats ahead of us on the train, overheard this, Heaven alone knows what would have happened! But fortunately she did not.

Yes, that whole day was a profound sensation. Anything to do with Yale, her fine traditions, her splendid reputation for democracy, her upstanding athletic record, and her stamp of clean American manhood, gave me a thrill, for I was closely related to collegiate ideals. They

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GRANDFLAPPER SCORES A TOUCHDOWN]
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were part of me. Since the very beginning of Yale as a university, there had been ancestors of mine on the roster, even in that first class when three lonely scholars gathered in the initial recitation room at the village of Killingsworth, Connecticut. I had been born a stone's throw away from the New Haven campus, and my father had taken high athletic and scholastic honors in the class of 1878—a class, by the way, of which I escaped being official Daughter, by one!

Just going to New Haven caused my heart to swell with pride, for Yale was as much in my blood as America was, a basic moral ground from which sprang such things as loyalty, honesty, sportsmanship, and clean living, and to be asked up to one of the big games by a Yale man was an honor. Needless to say, I treasured the souvenirs of this occasion and must confess that I still have the flag I carried, folded away among other fragrant ashes of memory.

And now I was going to another big football game, with the same sort of escort as the one who had taken me to New Haven so long ago. Another youth had invited me in the manner of his kind, and again I was going to be let into the know. What would it be like? What, after all the talk about changed standards and disrupted manners, would I find at P——?

Now before I go any further I want to make it quite clear that what follows is a simple statement of things as I found them, and I have not the faintest doubt that had the game been played in New Haven, or in practically any other university town, conditions would have been identical.

Another point I want to make clear is the social standing of the boys and girls with whom I attended the games on these two widely separate occasions. In both cases the young people belonged to representative families. Twenty-six years ago our party numbered seven. Two of the three boys were the sons of a high government official who was also a man of independent wealth and great social importance at the time.

ONE boy, Teddy, who was my escort, was a newly made graduate of Yale; his younger brother was in his last year at college. The third boy bore a family name which is today one of the most distinguished in American banking and social circles. As for the girls in that first party, one was the sister of Teddy and the third was a daughter of a famous clergyman. The seventh member was the chaperon.

Twenty-six years later our party was curiously similar. There was Dicky, the son of a famous financier, who, if he reads this story, will probably come down on me like a ton of bricks! Dicky's younger brother was still at P——. Both boys were members of one of the best clubs on the campus, and the third boy was a Californian of unquestionable social standing. The girls were both members of a well known New York charitable organization whose membership is the official stamp of social acceptability, and came from families noted on two continents for leadership in the circles to which the rest of us are supposed to aspire.

The new generation really is different in its code.

Perhaps it will be claimed that these young people were in neither case representative; that their footing in the smart set is sufficient to account for their behavior. But all I can say is that if they are not representative they should be. For that is their trust in life. What they do is unquestionably aped by many others, and, after all, college boys and the girls who run around with them are not so vastly different, the country over. But to get on. Here's exactly what happened, in the sequence in which it occurred.

On the night before the game, I went to bed with my face in a mud-pack, and I went to bed early. I was terrified of the searching eyes of the two unknown young women whom I would meet in the harsh light of the next day. I wasn't taking any chances on looking or feeling tired, and when at nine o'clock of the following morning the clerk at the desk of the hotel in which I was staying rang up to say that the crowd was waiting for me in the lobby, I was fresh and rested. And I needed to be, as things turned out!

Dicky was standing by the desk, and with him were two pretty young things of eighteen at most, charmingly dressed and bearing every evidence of refinement and good breeding. I shook inwardly as introductions were mumbled, but my fears were wasted. Those two, Rosamond B. and Alicia W., were far too much interested in themselves to worry about me. I was introduced simply as Polly, the name I had leased out to Dick, and all three were anxious only to be off. The girls cast a superficial glance at my sports clothes, found them sufficiently identical with their own, and lost interest.

NOBODY said anything about how nice it was that I was furnishing a car, or that they were glad to meet me. In fact, nobody mentioned the loan of the car at all. The only comment it aroused was a criticism at its not being of a higher powered make. Neither of the girls wore flowers or carried colors, and I knew instinctively that all such naïve evidences of childish enthusiasm were taboo, and my feelings, which had been slightly hurt by Dick's neglect to provide me with a bouquet, were instantly assuaged. After all, I didn't want flowers. I wanted to be one of the gang.

"Where are the other two?" I asked.

"Oh, they're out stowing the giggle-soup into the bus," said Dick casually. And indeed they were. The two boys had not even troubled to take the gin out of its original case. They had merely broken off the top of the wooden box and stuck it into the tonneau of the car. This was a six-passenger touring car, and the case of gin was planted firmly atop the two folding seats, with six of us to get placed. However, I refrained from saying anything, preferring to let them handle the day from start to finish in their own way. So I merely climbed into the front seat beside Dicky, who had already hopped in ahead of me, and left the other four to scramble in as best they might, the two boys taking precarious but handy places on their case of licker.

"We all chipped in for the hip-grease," Dicky confided to me as we started off, "but I hope the crowd won't get blotto before we reach where we're going! If you see a chance, discourage Billy, will you? He's the worst of the lot." Billy was his brother.

I agreed, but by the time we were lined up for the West Forty-second Street ferry I saw that protest was not only out of character for me but useless as well. No sooner were we stalled in one of the four lines of waiting cars which stretched northward for six blocks along the docks than the back seat began to be thoroughly bored. There was not one word mentioned about football; nobody showed any spirit of enthusiasm concerning our trip; nothing of what, at my game of twenty-six years earlier, would have been known as "college spirit" was manifested by our crowd. I missed the eager anticipation, the mention of football heroes, discussion of the chances of winning, and all the technical disputes in which those other boys had indulged!

And then, trying to be just, I remembered my own reaction to the football talk back at New Haven. As a matter of honest fact, it had bored me horribly. I had not understood one word of it, and my expressions of pop-eyed wonder and enthusiasm had been rather painfully manufactured, from a sense of duty to the boy who had been gracious enough to invite me.

Now these young people in a newer day, after discussing the money they had on the game, seemed to dismiss it from their minds. They were waiting for a ferry, and therefore it seemed to them a good time for a drink.

When Rosamond became very unsteady, Billy took away her glass. "Here!" said he, "I want you to see something of this game!"

And so, at nine-thirty of a fine autumn morning, at Forty-second Street and the Hudson River, under the indulgent eyes of three traffic cops, the first of the twelve bottles of gin was opened.

Such niceties as drinking cups or the amelioration of a "chaser" were disregarded. The boys were gallant enough to offer the bottle to the girls first. And the girls did not hesitate. Rosamond took a swig, closed her eyes and choked a little, and Alicia followed suit. Then it was up to me. As I drink absolutely no stimulants, not even coffee (which may partially account for my youthful appearance), I was in a quandary. For I could not and would not drink, and if I refused I was going to be put down as a crab. So in the end I tipped the bottle harmlessly, my thumb obstructing the liquid, pretended to choke in the approved manner, and got by.

And the main point is that our car was not by any means the only one in which the occupants were similarly employed. One nice-looking older couple in a nearby limousine glared at us disapprovingly, and well they might. But the worst we got from most of the others was envy.

On the open road to our destination things grew steadily worse. Fortunately Dicky was level-headed, or hard-headed, I'm not quite sure which, and he drank little, and drove carefully. But by the time we had covered a quarter of the distance the four in the back were good and buffy. I took a look at them from time to time, and then finally ceased to look when I discovered that the boys were sitting on the girls' laps! They had pulled the lap robe up over them, and were indulging in a high-powered petting party. I was thankful that I had chosen the seat next to the driver.

Perhaps to be able to sympathize with my embarrassment and discomfort over this matter, you had better understand that these couples were not engaged. They were not even very fond of each other. All four would have laughed if anyone had suggested they were in love. And I must confess that the wave of nausea which the sight of their performance gave me lasted well into town, despite the fresh air in my face. If only the boys had held the girls in their laps, instead, somehow it wouldn't have seemed so bad.

I HASTEN to add that nothing more serious than petting was involved. But petting, to a novice like myself, would seem to come under the heading of those things which are done in private. However, I did not dare to bat an eyelash over it. I had come to see, and, believe me, I was seeing! For on either hand were other cars similarly occupied.

When at last we drew up in front of Dicky's club Alicia was so drunk she could hardly stand. We three flappers made the best of our way to the crowded dressing room, and on the way up occurred the only evidence I had all day of any suspicion of my age, for Alicia instinctively clung to me.

"Help me, Polly!" she said, groping for my arm. "I'm stinko!"

Poor little kid, so small and frail and young! When I had got her straightened out a bit with the aid of a little aspirin and aromatic ammonia, which the maid, only too evidently accustomed to such emergencies, promptly produced, Alicia and I exchanged a brief complaint while she repaired her mottled complexion and combed her soft young blonde curls.

"God, how I hate these whoopee parties!" she said disconsolately. "Don't you?"

"Yep," said I.

"They always get me drunk," said she. "And I loathe it!"

"Then why do you come?" I asked curiously.

"Well, you can't refuse very well," said she. "You know how it is, if you're not a good sport you're left out!"

TO be left out is still, it seems, the ultimate tragedy for any girl. And Alicia was not the only girl in that dressing room who had had too much to drink by mid-morning. One other had passed out on the sofa, and three more were visibly the worse for wear. Not pleasantly lit, but just plain drunk. It made my brain reel. And the most astonishing part of it all was the calm, uncritical acceptance of this fact by the rest.

There were a good fifty of us in that dressing room, and not more than one or two were what could justly be called undesirables. By which I mean girls who would have been anywhere identifiable as women of loose character. The fact that they were there at all seemed to me surprising, considering the name of the club which was sheltering them at the moment. But then, to be fair, at Yale, when I was a genuine girl instead of a synthetic one, a famous football player had brought such a girl to his commencement. But he did not introduce her amongst the rest of us.

Dicky's brother occupied a beautiful suite of rooms in a stone building as gracious and dignified as those of Magdalen at Oxford. Furnished in excellent taste, luxurious in the extreme, there was nothing indicative of study or repose about them. A buffet luncheon was being served there to about thirty guests, and Dicky's aunt was in charge. Nobody but myself said "how do you do" to

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her, and when I did she was positively startled and not a little pleased, although she did not know my name.

This lady was simply swamped by the surge of unruly young people about her. It would have been utterly futile for her to have demanded respect or attention, or tried to introduce any order into the meal. So she very sensibly contented herself with distributing sandwiches and large cups of black coffee, and effacing herself as much as possible. She wore a single flower of the college color pinned to her bodice, the only one in the entire crowd of women. I should say she must have been about my own age and I longed to ask what she thought of the bacchanalia which whirled about her, but I did not get the opportunity.

For, as one of the girls, I was soon whisked away into another room by Dicky, where his own crowd, together with a dozen intimates, were doing a little serious drinking. They had a huge pitcher of orange juice which they were using for mixing with the gin, half a tumbler of gin to a quarter of a tumbler of orange juice. I swear I am not exaggerating. Before anyone spotted what I was up to, I had acquired a whole tumblerful of orange juice which I held protectively. But I need not have worried about anyone forcing drinks on me, for everyone was too busy grabbing off drinks for themselves.

Two phonographs were playing different records, and Billy was playing the ukulele with one hand—the only thing, he declared, that he had learned in college. Once in a while somebody ate a sandwich, for the little group of intimates rejected the idea of the luncheon in the main room, and had sent out there for a platter or two of food. When Rosamond finally became very unsteady indeed, Billy took away her glass.

"Here!" said he, "I want you to see *something* of this game! Wait until we are in our seats before we start drinking again!"

BEFORE luncheon, during luncheon, and right after luncheon we visited the rooms of half a dozen neighbors, either in the same building or across the court. And in each and every instance conditions were identically the same. The same drinking, the same necking, the same frank talk and crude jokes. The licentiousness was of a curious kind. Amateur in the extreme is the only term I can think of in describing it. It was the naughtiness of children to whom the forbidden is really only guessed at, and badly guessed, at that!

Alicia did not make the game. She and the third boy in our party vanished quietly into parts unknown right after lunch, and were not retrieved until late that evening, at the club, where they were found at the piano, partially sobered up but a trifle uncertain about what they could sing. Nobody even commented on their disappearance, but the rest of us got out to the field, a bottle of gin in charge of each of the boys.

I must say I was surprised at the way flasks had been discarded as inadequate, for I had read and heard a great deal about that great American gadget. And it scarcely seems worth while to write anything about the game itself. Nobody paid very much attention to it except a few dear old grads.

When my host's alma mater finally won and thus put us out of our misery, we were then free to go on a round of moist visits to the few acquaintances whose chambers we had overlooked in the forenoon, ending up at the club where we had begun our sojourn at the university.

It was worth seeing, that club, its beautiful rooms strewn with what might easily have been the wreckage of a Venetian carnival in the eighteenth century. All about lolled boys and girls indulging in the now familiar open petting. But it was late. They were a trifle dejected and bored, but they acted as if their synthetic viciousness must be kept up to the bitter end. Force down another drink, choke up another laugh, or lie head to head on one of the divans while your cigarette burned a hole in the cushion! I can't describe the atmosphere of determination not to let go of their newly acquired, uncomprehended "wickedness." The utter boredom of it! Words fail me. And the whole silly, dull debauch was plainly as wearisome a task to them as the most proper tea party could possibly have been.

I'm not sure that the whole trouble does not lie in the elimination of the old hickory course from the curriculum!

DINNERLESS we climbed back into my car at eight-thirty and headed for New York. I never saw the chaperon to say good-by. She had been missing ever since the game, and apparently nobody had given another thought to her or to the beautiful luncheon she had so carefully provided.

On the return trip Alicia, Rosamond, and the two boys slept peacefully in a tangled mass on the back seat. Dicky had been drinking, and drove so badly that he almost had an accident. In self-defense I took the wheel while he collapsed into the seat beside me, singing persistently and out of tune. He too was asleep by the time I drew up in front of his father's house in West Blank Street. I had not known where else to go with my embarrassing cargo, and I was doing my best. After all, it seemed, I was the chaperon, even though they did not know it, for here was I, taking care of them just as the older woman always must.

No, I thought with a feeling of relief, I am not one of them. I may look to be of their generation, but I am an outsider, and while I have seen them with their defenses down, I cannot think as they think. Frankly, I knew no more of their real motivation than when I had started out that morning. And though I had begun as their peer, here I had them under my wing like an old hen, after all!

When I woke them up they wanted me to go upstairs and eat, and as I was game to see the thing through to the very end, I consented. We ordered scrambled eggs from the sleepy cook, and there were more drinks, of course. The gathering dragged along wearily, settling down to a mere endurance contest, while even the endless gramophone seemed out of kilter from fatigue. The parents did not put in an appearance, if indeed they were at home. And then at dawn the big time was over. The whoopee had become a faint, almost inaudible whisper.

"God, I hate a good time!" yawned Alicia.

"God! So do I!" said Dicky. And we stumbled home to bed.

What do I think of it? That is, curiously enough, hard to say. Because these young people are by no means fools. They know a lot, and I am not at all certain that their knowledge is entirely dangerous. At least it is fairly certain that they get rid of their wild oats thoroughly and quickly. So many of them are completely

fed up with excesses that a normal life is almost certain to be adopted sooner or later with eagerness, as the only novelty left them. Sexually they know a great deal about each other, and are therefore really far better equipped to choose a permanent mate than most of the silly, sentimental ignoramuses of my own generation. How this will work out, only the next twenty years can tell. But much of what these adventurous youngsters find out is true, and the truth never really hurt anybody yet.

As for their basic decency, in spite of all I saw I am inclined to believe in that. Their very boredom with their freedom is proof enough of it. And when I recall some of the things we girls giggled over twenty-six years ago—over a stolen kiss, the holding of hands in a cab, the possibilities of sitting on a man's lap before you were formally engaged to him—well, when I think of these, I am not so sure that we were any less salacious.

But the fact is, the much advertised misbehavior of the younger generation does exist. The new generation really is entirely different in its code, its manners, and its lack of enthusiasm from the young people of twenty-six years ago. And I cannot but feel that the last two items named—I mean manners and the lack of caring intensely—are perhaps the most important. For, to begin with, nothing can excuse rudeness. Good manners are a form of self-discipline which is absolutely essential to the oiling of any social organization, and the younger generation has no more manners than the Russian Soviet. It is a rule of life which must be learned and accepted by both unless the two revolutions are to fail utterly and become an increasing menace to future civilization.

When we buy a fine puppy, we take great pains to train him.

BUT worse yet is the lack of enthusiasm. Familiarity breeds contempt just as truly today as when the proverb was invented. These young people are so familiar with those matters which were formerly the exclusive privileges of adults that they are already bored. They appear to have nothing to grow up for. But how can it be prevented? Don't ask me!

The problem is essentially an American one, although it exists to a certain extent in England as well. But the Latin countries seem, so far, to have escaped the problem of rebellion among the uprising generation, to a very great degree. Italy, for example, has always allowed her youth so much actual freedom that it has really nothing to rebel about. Certainly not, at least, the same sort of freedom which our own youth has to bootleg. And the kind of thing I have described in this story simply does not happen in France. There children are still children; for along with her adherence to obsolete business methods, defunct household utensils, ridiculous banking, and old-fashioned agriculture, France has kept her youth old-fashioned, too. She has preserved her children, and while offering them a sound education, has postponed adult delights for their adult years.

There is no flapper problem in France, no wild flaming youth. And almost wholly because French parents still rigorously maintain their parental authority. And yet I know no nation where parents and children are so openly devoted to each other. Apparently discipline does not necessarily breed antagonism.

IT is all very well to say that everything depends on the boys and girls themselves. But that's not fair. Youth is tender, malleable material. The schools and colleges exist for the purpose of forming it. The college should guard its charges and protect them sufficiently. And this the American universities cannot do so long as American parents give them little or no coöperation. I can't, honestly, help feeling that our generation of critical parents have only themselves to blame.

They give their children too much and demand too little in return.

Notwithstanding, I have a lot of faith in the average young American and his or her ability to grow out of the slough of a too easy discipline and blossom into sound maturity. But unquestionably too much indulgence hampers instead of helping them.

When we buy a fine puppy, we take great pains to train him properly. We beat him when necessary, we keep the wrong foods from him, and deny the extra lump of sugar that will do harm, no matter how prettily he begs. Surely our children deserve as much thought and training as our dogs!

The things of which the younger generation is so glibly accused are true.

Not all young people are out of hand, but a vast number are.

I have seen this with my own eyes, for I have been one of them, and I know.

Personally, I'm not at all sure that the whole trouble does not lie simply and solely in the elimination of the old hickory course from the curriculum!

THE END

"Romance Curdles— when COUGHS cross the Footlights" — BERT LYTELL

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Tarnhelm

or, The Death of My Uncle Robert

By

HUGH WALPOLE

novelist and Englishman—though, as it happens, he was born in New Zealand and spent much of his boyhood there and in New York City. He inherited the writing tradition from his father, a much-traveled clergyman who is now Bishop of Edinburgh. At last accounts, though forty-five, he was still a bachelor.

Pictures by HERBERT M. STOOPS

I WAS, I suppose, at that time a peculiar child, peculiar a little by nature, but also because I had spent so much of my young life in the company of people very much older than myself.

After the events that I am now going to relate, some quite indelible mark was set on me. I became then, and have always been since, one of those persons, otherwise insignificant, who have decided, without possibility of change, about certain questions. Some things, doubted by most of the world, are for themselves true and beyond argument. This certainty of theirs gives them a kind of stamp, as though they lived so much in their imagination as to have very little assurance as to what is fact and what fiction. This "oddness" of theirs puts them apart, and if now, at the age of fifty, I am a man of very few friends, very much alone, even avoided by certain people, it is because, if you like, my uncle Robert died in a strange manner forty years ago and I was witness of his death.

I have never, until now, given any account of the strange proceedings that occurred at Faildyke Hall on the evening of Christmas Eve in the year 1890. The incidents of that evening are still remembered very clearly by one or two people, and a kind of legend of my uncle Robert's death has been carried on into the younger generation. But no one still alive was a witness of them as I was, and I feel that it is time that I set them down upon paper.

My parents were in India from my eighth to my thirteenth years. I did not see them except on two occasions when they visited England. I was an only child, loved dearly by both my parents, who, however, loved one another yet more. They were an exceedingly sentimental couple of the old-fashioned kind. My father was in the Indian Civil Service and in spare time wrote poetry. He even had his epic, Tantalus: A Poem in Four Cantos, published at his own expense.

This, added to the fact that my mother had been considered an invalid before he married her, made my parents feel that they bore a very close resemblance to the Brownings, and my father even had a pet name for my mother that sounded curiously like the famous and hideous "Ba."

I was a delicate child; was sent to Mr. Ferguson's Private Academy at the tender age of eight, and spent my holidays as the rather unwanted guest of various relations.

"Unwanted" because I was, I imagine, a difficult child to understand. I had an old grandmother who lived at Folkestone; two aunts who shared a little house in Kensington; an aunt, uncle, and a brood of cousins inhabiting Cheltenham; and two uncles who lived in Cumberland. All these relations, except the two uncles, had their proper share of me, and for none of them had I any great affection. Children were not studied in those days as they are now. I was thin, pale, and bespectacled; aching for affection, but not knowing at all how to obtain it; outwardly undemonstrative, but inwardly emotional and sensitive; playing games, because of my poor sight, very badly; reading a great deal more than was good for me; and telling myself stories all day and part of every night.

All of my relations tired of me, I fancy, in turn, and at last it was decided that my uncles in Cumberland must do their share. These two were my father's brothers, the eldest of a long family of which he was the youngest. My uncle Robert, I understood, was nearly seventy; my uncle Constance some five years younger. I remember always thinking that Constance was a funny name for a man.

He bent still lower; then he looked up and his yellow teeth were bared, almost as an animal snarls.

MY uncle Robert was the owner of Faildyke Hall, a country house between the Lake of Wast Water and the little town of Seascale on the seacoast. Uncle Constance had lived with Uncle Robert for many years. It was decided after some family correspondence that the Christmas of this year, 1890, should be spent by me at Faildyke Hall.

I was at this time just eleven years old, thin and skinny, with a bulging forehead, large spectacles, and a nervous shy manner. I always set out, I remember, on my new adventure with mingled emotions of terror and anticipation. Maybe this time the miracle would occur: I should discover a friend or a fortune; should cover myself with glory in some unexpected way; be, at last, what I always at this time longed to be—a hero. I was glad that I was not going to any of my other relations for Christmas, and especially not to my cousins at Cheltenham, who teased and persecuted me and were never free of ear-splitting noises. What I wanted more than anything else in life was to be allowed to read in peace. I understood that at Faildyke there was a glorious library.

My aunt saw me into the London train. I had been presented by my uncle with one of the most gory of Harrison Ainsworth's romances, The Lancashire Witches, and I had five bars of chocolate cream, so that that journey

I was trying to draw—some childish picture—when the double doors unfolded and Uncle Robert stood there.

was blissfully happy. I was permitted to read in peace, and I had just then little more to ask of life. Nevertheless, as the train puffed its way north, this new country began to force itself on my attention. I had never before been in the north of England and I was not prepared for the sudden sense of space and freshness that I received. The naked unsystematic hills, the freshness of the wind on which the birds seemed to be carried with especial glee, the stone walls that ran like grey ribbons about the moors, and, above all, the vast expanse of sky upon whose surface clouds swam, raced, eddied, and extended as I had never anywhere witnessed!

I SAT lost and absorbed at my carriage window, and when, at last, long after dark had fallen, I heard "Seascale" called by the porter I was still staring in a sort of romantic dream. When I stepped out on to the little narrow platform and was greeted by the salt tang of the sea wind, my first real introduction to the north country may be said to have been completed. I am writing now in another part of that same Cumberland country, and beyond my window the line of the fell runs strong and bare against the sky, while below it the lake lies, a fragment of silver glass at the feet of Skiddaw.

It may be that my sense of the deep mystery of this country had its origin in this same strange story that I am now relating. But again, perhaps not, for I believe that that first evening arrival at Seascale worked some change in me, so that since then none of the world's beauties, from the crimson waters of Cashmere to the rough glories of our own Cornish coast, can rival for me the sharp peaty winds and strong resilient turf of the Cumberland hills.

That was a magical drive in the pony trap to Faildyke that evening. It was bitterly cold, but I did not seem to mind it. Everything was magical to me. From the first I could see the great slow hump of Black Combe jet against the frothy clouds of the winter night, and I could hear the sea breaking and the soft rustle of the bare twigs in the hedgerows. I made, too, the friend of my life that night, for it was Bob Armstrong who was driving the trap. He has often told me since (for although he is a slow man of few words he likes to repeat the things that seem to him worth while) that I struck him as "pitifully lost" that evening on the Seascale platform. I looked, I don't doubt, pinched and cold enough. In any case, it was a lucky appearance for me, for I won Armstrong's heart there and then, and he, once he gave it, could never bear to take it back again.

He, on his side, seemed to me gigantic that night. He had, I believe, one of the broadest chests in the world—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TARNHELM
Continued from page nineteen]

a curse to him, he said, because no ready-made shirts would ever suit him. I sat in close to him because of the cold; he was very warm and I could feel his heart beating like a steady clock inside his rough coat. It beat for me that night and it has beaten for me, I'm glad to say, ever since.

In truth, as things turned out, I needed a friend. I was nearly asleep and stiff all over my little body when I was handed down from the trap and led into what seemed to me an immense hall crowded with the staring heads of slaughtered animals and smelling of straw. I was so sadly weary that my uncles, when I met them in a vast billiard room in which a great fire roared in a stone fireplace like a demon, seemed to me to be double.

In any case, what an odd pair they were! My uncle Robert was a little man with grey untidy hair and little sharp eyes hooded by two of the bushiest eyebrows known to humanity. He wore (I remember as though it were yesterday) shabby country clothes of a faded green colour, and he had on one finger a ring with a thick red stone. Another thing that I noticed at once when he kissed me (I detested to be kissed by anybody) was an odd faint scent that he had, connected at once in my mind with the caraway seeds that there are in seedcake. I noticed too that his teeth were discoloured and yellow.

My uncle Constance I liked at once. He was fat, round, friendly, and clean. Rather a dandy was Uncle Constance. He wore a flower in his buttonhole and his linen was snowy white in contrast with his brother's.

I noticed one odd thing, though, at that very first meeting, and that was that before he spoke to me and put his fat arm around my shoulder he seemed to look toward his brother as though for permission. You may say that it was unusual for a boy of my age to notice so much, but, in fact, I noticed everything at that time. Years and laziness, alas! have slackened my observation.

II

I HAD a horrible dream that night; it woke me screaming and brought Bob Armstrong in to quiet me. My room was large like all the other rooms that I had seen, and empty, with a great expanse of floor and a large stone fireplace like the one in the billiard room. It was, I afterward found, next to the servants' quarters. Armstrong's room was next to mine, and Mrs. Spender's, the housekeeper's, beyond his. Armstrong was then, and is yet, a bachelor. He used to tell me that he loved so many women that he never could bring his mind to choose any one of them. And now he has been too long my personal bodyguard and is too lazily used to my ways to change his condition. He is, moreover, seventy years of age.

Well, what I saw in my dream was this: They had lit a fire for me (and it was necessary; the room was of an icy coldness) and I dreamt that I awoke to see the flames rise to a last vigour before they died away. In the brilliance of that illumination I was conscious that something was moving in the room. I heard the movement for some little while before I saw anything. I sat up, my heart hammering, and then, to my horror, discerned, slinking against the farther wall, the evilest-looking yellow mongrel of a dog that you can fancy.

I find it difficult—I have always found it difficult—to describe exactly the horror of that yellow dog. It lay partly in its colour, which was vile, partly in its mean and bony body, but for the most part in its evil head, flat, with sharp little eyes and jagged yellow teeth.

As I looked at it, it bared those teeth at me and then began to creep, with an indescribably loathsome action, in the direction of my bed. I was at first stiffened with terror. Then, as it neared the bed, its little eyes fixed upon me and its teeth bared, I screamed again and again.

The next I knew was that Armstrong was sitting on my bed, his strong arm about my trembling little body. All I could say over and over was, "The Dog! The Dog! The Dog!" He soothed me as though he had been my mother.

"See, there's no dog there! There's no one but me! There's no one but me!"

I continued to tremble, so he got into bed with me, held me close to him, and it was in his comforting arms that I fell asleep.

III

IN the morning I woke to a fresh breeze and a shining sun, and the chrysanthemums, orange, crimson, and dun, blowing against the grey stone wall beyond the sloping lawns. So I forgot about my dream. I only knew that I loved Bob Armstrong better than any one else on earth.

Every one during the next days was very kind to me. I was so deeply excited by this country, so new to me, that at first I could think of nothing else. Bob Armstrong was Cumbrian from the top of his flaxen head to the thick nails under his boots, and, in grunts and monosyllables, as was his way, he gave me the colour of the ground.

There was romance everywhere: smugglers stealing in and out of Drigg and Seascale; the ancient cross in Gosforth churchyard; Ravenglass with all its sea birds, once a port of splendour; Muncaster Castle and Broughton and black Wast Water with the grim Screes; Black Combe, upon whose broad back the shadows were always dancing; even the little station at Seascale naked to the sea winds, at whose bookstalls I bought a publication entitled the Weekly Telegraph that contained, week by week, instalments of the most thrilling story in the world.

Everywhere romance—the cows moving along the sandy lanes, the sea thundering along the Drigg beach, Gable and Scawfell pulling their cloud caps about their heads, the slow voices of the Cumbrian farmers calling their animals, the little tinkling bell of the Gosforth church—everywhere romance and beauty.

Soon, though, as I became better accustomed to the country, the people immediately around me began to occupy my attention, stimulate my restless curiosity, and especially my two uncles. They were, in fact, queer enough.

Faildyke Hall itself was not queer, only very ugly. It had been built about 1830 I should imagine, a square white building, like a thickset rather conceited woman with a very plain face. The rooms were large, the passages innumerable, and everything covered with a very hideous whitewash. Against this whitewash hung old photographs yellowed with age and faded bad water colours. The furniture was strong and ugly.

One romantic feature, though, there was, and that was the little Grey Tower where my uncle Robert lived. This tower was at the end of the garden and looked out over a sloping field to the Scawfell group beyond Wast Water. This tower had been built hundreds of years ago as a defence against the Scots. Robert had had his study and bedroom there for many years and it was his domain; no one was allowed to enter it save his old servant Hucking, a bent, wizened, grubby little man who spoke to no one and, so they said in the kitchen, managed to go through life without sleeping. He looked after my uncle Robert, cleaned his rooms, and was supposed to clean his clothes.

I, being both an inquisitive and romantic-minded boy, was soon as eagerly excited about this tower as was Bluebeard's wife about the forbidden room. Bob told me that whatever I did I was never to set foot inside. And then I discovered another thing: that Bob Armstrong hated, feared, and was proud of my uncle Robert. He was proud of him because he was head of the family and because, so he said, he was the cleverest old man in the world. "Nothing he can't seemingly do," said Bob, "but 'e don't like you to watch 'im at it." All this only increased my longing to see the inside of the

tower, although I couldn't be said to be fond of my uncle Robert either.

It would be hard to say that I disliked him during those first days. He was quite kindly to me when he met me, and at mealtimes, when I sat with my two uncles at the long table in the big bare whitewashed dining room, he was always anxious to see that I had plenty to eat. But I never liked him; it was perhaps because he wasn't clean. Children are sensitive to those things.

Perhaps I didn't like the fusty seedcaky smell that he carried about with him.

Then there came the day when he invited me into the Grey Tower and told me about Tarnhelm.

It was about a fortnight before Christmas. Pale slanting shadows of sunlight fell across the chrysanthemums and the grey stone walls, the long fields and the dusky hills. I was playing by myself by the little stream that ran beyond the rose garden when Uncle Robert came up behind me in the soundless way he had and, tweaking me by the ear, asked me whether I would like to come with him inside his tower.

I was, of course, eager enough, but I was frightened too, especially when I saw Hucking's moth-eaten old countenance peering at us from one of the narrow slits that pretended to be windows.

HOWEVER, in we went, my hand in Uncle Robert's hot dry one. There wasn't, in reality, so very much to see when you were inside—all untidy and musty with cobwebs over the doorways and old pieces of rusty iron and empty boxes in the corners, and the long table in Uncle Robert's study covered with a thousand things—books with the covers hanging on them, sticky green bottles, a looking-glass, a pair of scales, a globe, a cage with mice in it, a statue of a naked woman, an hourglass—everything old and stained and dusty.

However, Uncle Robert made me sit down close to him and told me many interesting stories. Among others the story about Tarnhelm.

Tarnhelm was something that you put over your head and its magic turned you into any animal that you wished to be.

Uncle Robert told me the story of a god called Wotan and how he teased the dwarf who possessed Tarnhelm by saying that he couldn't turn himself into a mouse or some such animal, and the dwarf, his pride wounded, turned himself into a mouse which the god easily captured and so stole Tarnhelm. On the table, among all the litter, was a grey skullcap.

"That's my Tarnhelm," said Uncle Robert, laughing. "Like to see me put it on?" But I was suddenly frightened, terribly frightened. The sight of Uncle Robert made me feel quite ill.

The room began to run round and round. The white mice in the cage twittered.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The All-American Team Chooses the All-American Skate NESTOR JOHNSON

Alfred M. "Freddy" Dion, Clarkson Tech, right defense

"JOHNSONS are the best skates I have ever used. The shoes give my feet perfect support and always keep my ankles firm and steady. I have such confidence in my JOHNSONS that I never need give them a thought during a game."—Alfred M. Dion.

"Molly" Bott, Dartmouth, goalie

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"My game has improved greatly since I started to use JOHNSONS. Goals come easier, skating is faster, and I feel more at home on the ice. There is something about the runners . . . a lifelike feeling . . . that cannot be found in any other skate."—D. M. McFadyen.

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Bobby Giddens, Harvard, right wing

There is a ruling at Harvard which prohibits undergraduates from publicly endorsing a product. However, it is known that Bobby Giddens regards JOHNSONS as the real All-American skates.

W. H. "Ding" Palmer, Yale, left wing

Yale, too, prohibits endorsement of products. But it goes without saying that Ding Palmer knows that no other skates can take the place of JOHNSONS on the hockey rink.

John G. Jones, Princeton, left defense

"My JOHNSONS are my best friends. 'Wings of Steel,' certainly describes them accurately. You can easily tell that the runners are made of the finest Vanadium steel by the way they take hold of the ice. And I have found that they stay sharp longer than other skates. JOHNSONS never fail a hockey player."—John G. Jones.

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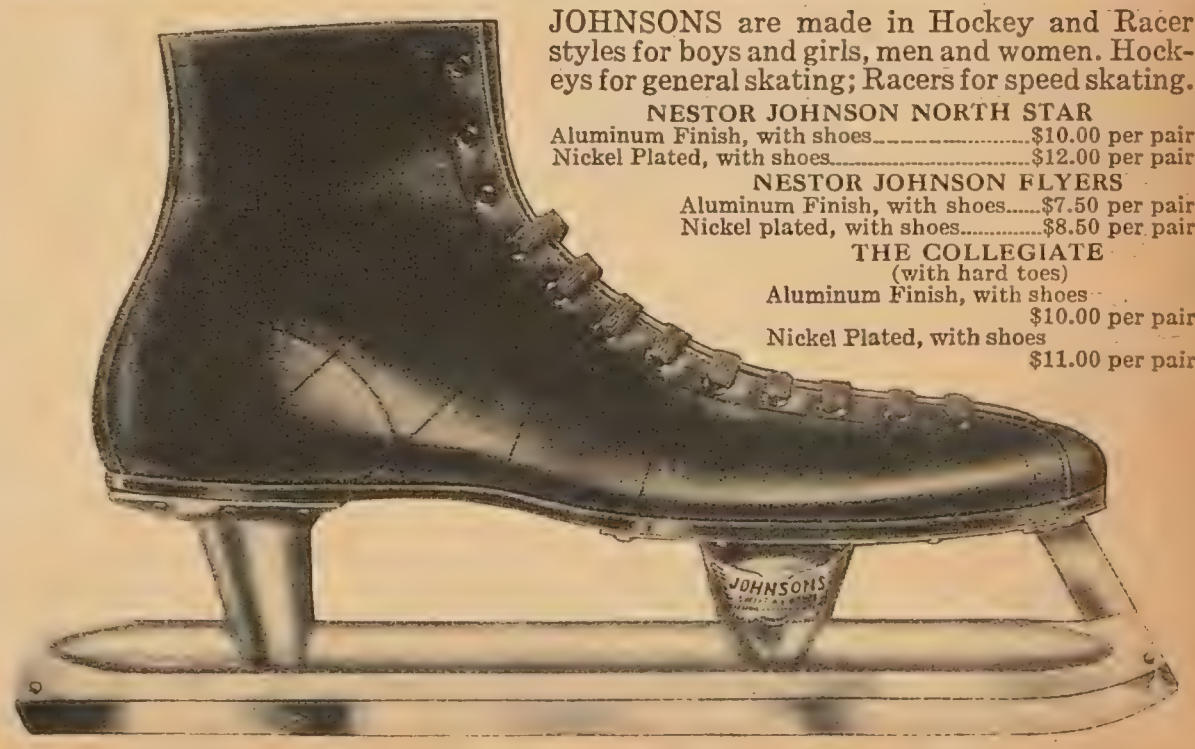

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(with hard toes)
Aluminum Finish, with shoes
$10.00 per pair
Nickel Plated, with shoes
$11.00 per pair

Looking up at us, it came on again. It slobbered a little at its jaw. It bared its fangs.

[TARNHELM
Continued from page twenty-one]

It was stuffy in that room, enough to turn any boy sick.

That was the moment, I think, when Uncle Robert stretched out his hand toward his grey skullcap—after that I was never happy again in Faildyke Hall. That action of his, simple and apparently friendly though it was, seemed to open my eyes to a number of things. We were now ten days within Christmas. The thought of Christmas had then—and, to tell the truth, still has—a most happy effect upon me. There is the beautiful story; the geniality and kindliness; still, in spite of modern pessimists, much happiness and good-will. Even now I yet enjoy giving presents and receiving them. Then it was an ecstasy to me—the look of the parcel, the paper, the string, the exquisite surprise.

Therefore I had been anticipating Christmas eagerly. I had been promised a trip into Whitehaven for present-buying and there was to be a tree and a dance for the Gosforth villagers. Then, after my visit to Uncle Robert's tower, all my happiness of anticipation vanished. As the days went on and my observation of one thing and another developed, I would, I think, have run away back to my aunt in Kensington, had it not been for Bob Armstrong.

It was, in fact, Armstrong who started me on that voyage of observation that ended so horribly, for when he had heard that Uncle Robert had taken me inside his tower, his anger was fearful. I had never before seen him angry; now his great body shook and he caught me and held me until I cried out. He wanted me to promise that I would never go inside there again. What? Not even with Uncle Robert? No, most especially not with Uncle Robert; and then, dropping his voice and looking around him to be sure that there was no one listening, he began to curse Uncle Robert. This amazed me because loyalty to his masters was one of Bob's great laws. I can see us now, standing on the stable cobbles in the falling white dusk while the horses stamped in their stalls and the little sharp stars appeared one after another glittering between the driving clouds.

"I'll not stay," I heard him say to himself. "I'll be like the rest. I'll not be staying. To bring a child into it . . ."

From that moment he seemed to have me very especially in his charge. Even when I could not see him I felt that his kindly eye was upon me, and this sense of the necessity that I should be guarded made me yet more uneasy and distressed.

The next thing that I observed was that the servants were all fresh; had not been there more than a month or two. Then, only a week before Christmas, the housekeeper departed. Uncle Constance seemed greatly distressed at these occurrences; Uncle Robert did not seem in the least affected by them. I come now to my uncle Constance. At this distance of time it is strange with what clarity I still can see him, his stoutness, his shining cleanliness, his dandyism, the flower in his buttonhole,

his little brilliantly shod feet, his thin, rather feminine voice.

He would have been kind to me, I think, had he dared, but something kept him back. And what that something was I soon discovered; it was fear of my uncle Robert.

It did not take me a day to discover that he was utterly subject to his brother.

He said nothing without looking to see how Uncle Robert took it, suggested no plan until he first had assurance from his brother, was terrified beyond anything that I had before witnessed in a human being at any sign of irritation in my uncle. I discovered after this that Uncle Robert enjoyed greatly to play on his brother's fears.

I did not understand enough of their lives to realize what were the weapons that Robert used, but that they were sharp and piercing I was neither too young nor too ignorant to perceive.

Such was our situation, then, a week before Christmas. The weather had become very wild with a great wind.

All nature seemed in an uproar. I could fancy when I lay in my bed at night and heard the shouting in my chimney that I could catch the crash of the waves upon the beach, see the black waters of Wast Water cream and curdle under the Screes. I would lie awake and long for Bob Armstrong, the strength of his arm and the warmth of his breast, but I considered myself too grown a boy to make any appeal.

I remember that now, almost minute by minute, my fears increased. What gave them force and power who can say? I was much alone, I had now a great terror of my uncle, the weather was wild, the rooms of the house large and desolate, the servants mysterious, the walls of the passages lit always with an unnatural glimmer because of their white colour, and although Armstrong had watch over me, he was busy in his affairs and could not always be with me.

I GREW to fear and dislike my uncle Robert more and more. Hatred and fear of him seemed to be everywhere, and yet he was always soft-voiced and kindly.

Then, a few days before Christmas, occurred the event that was to turn my terror into panic. I had been reading in the library Mrs. Radcliffe's Romance of the Forest, an old book long forgotten, worthy of revival. The library was a fine room run to seed, bookcases from floor to ceiling, the windows small and dark, holes in the old faded carpet. A lamp burnt at a distant table. One stood on a little shelf at my side.

Something, I know not what, made me look up. What I saw then can, in its horrid memory, even now stamp my heart in its recollection. By the library door, not moving, staring across the room's length at me, was a yellow dog.

I will not attempt to describe all the pitiful fear and mad freezing terror that caught and held me. My main thought, I fancy, was that that other vision on my first night in the place had not been a dream. I was not asleep now; the book in which I had been reading had fallen to the floor, the lamps shed their glow, I could hear the ivy tapping on the pane.

No, this was reality.

The dog lifted a long horrible leg and scratched itself. Then very slowly and silently across the carpet it came toward me.

I could not scream, I could not move. I waited.

The animal was even more evil than it had seemed before with its flat head, its narrow eyes, its yellow fangs.

It came steadily in my direction, stopped once to scratch itself again, then was almost at my chair.

It looked at me, bared its fangs, but now as though it grinned at me, then passed on. After it was gone there was a thick fetid scent in the air—the scent of caraway seed.

IV

I THINK now, on looking back, that it was remarkable enough that I, a pale nervous child who trembled at every sound, should have met the situation as I did. I said nothing about the dog to any living soul, not even to Bob Armstrong. I hid my fears—and fears of a beastly and sickening kind they were too—within my breast. I had the intelligence to perceive—and *how* I caught in the air the awareness of this I can't, at this distance, understand—that I was playing my little part in the climax to something that had been piling up for many a month, like the clouds over Gable.

Understand that I offer from first to last in this no kind of explanation. There is possibly—and to this day I cannot quite be sure—nothing to explain. My uncle Robert died simply, but you shall hear.

What was beyond any doubt or question was that it was after my seeing the dog in the library that Uncle Robert changed so strangely in his behaviour to me. That may have been the merest coincidence. I only know that as one grows older one calls things coincidence more and more seldom. In any case, that same night at dinner Uncle Robert seemed twenty years older. He was bent, shrivelled, would not eat, snarled at any one who spoke to him, and especially avoided even looking at me.

It was a painful meal, and it was after it, when Uncle Constance and I were sitting alone in the old yellow-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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by Mary Richart

. . . a colorful story of a woman who found love at a gay college party, but almost lost it on the menacing fringe of the Ceylon jungle. Read it

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[TARNHELM
Continued from page twenty-three]

papered drawing-room—a room with two ticking clocks forever racing one another—that the most extraordinary thing occurred. Uncle Constance and I were playing draughts. The only sounds were the roaring of the wind down the chimney, the hiss and splutter of the fire, the silly ticking of the clocks. Suddenly Uncle Constance put down the piece that he was about to move and began to cry.

To a child it is always a terrible thing to see a grown-up person cry, and even to this day to hear a man cry is very distressing to me. I was moved desperately by poor Uncle Constance who sat there, his head in his plump white hands, all his stout body shaking. I ran over to him and he clutched me and held me as though he would never let me go. He sobbed incoherent words about "Protecting me, caring for me . . . seeing that that monster . . ." At the word I remember that I, too, began to tremble. I asked my uncle what monster, but he could only continue to murmur incoherently about hate and not having the pluck and if only he had the courage . . .

Then, recovering a little, he began to ask me questions. Where had I been? Had I been into his brother's tower? Had I seen anything that frightened me? If I did would I at once tell him? And then he muttered that he would never have allowed me to come had he known that it would go as far as this, that it would be better if I went away that night, and that if he were not afraid . . . Then he began to tremble and to look at the door and I trembled too. He held me in his arms; then we thought that there was a sound, and we listened, our heads up, our two hearts hammering. But it was only the clocks ticking and the wind shrieking as though it would tear the house to pieces.

That night, however, when Bob Armstrong came up to bed he found me sheltering there. I whispered to him that I was frightened; I put my arms around his neck and begged him not to send me away; he promised me that I should not leave him and I slept all night in the protection of his strength and care for me.

HOW, though, can I give any true picture of the fear that pursued me now! For I knew from what both Armstrong and Uncle Constance had said that there was real danger; that it was no hysterical fancy of mine or ill-digested dream. It made it worse that Uncle Robert was now no more seen. He was sick; he kept within his tower, cared for by his old wizened manservant. And so, being nowhere, he was everywhere. I stayed with Armstrong when I could, but a kind of pride prevented me from clinging like a girl to his coat.

A deathly silence seemed to fall about the place. No one laughed or sang, no dog barked, no bird sang. Two days before Christmas an iron frost came to grip the land. The fields were rigid, the sky itself seemed to be frozen grey, and under the olive cloud Scawfell and Gable were black.

Christmas Eve came.

On that morning, I remember, I was trying to draw—some childish picture of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's scenes—when the double doors unfolded and Uncle Robert stood there. He stood there, bent, shrivelled, his long grey locks falling over his collar, his bushy eyebrows thrust forward. He wore his old green suit and on his finger gleamed his heavy red ring. I was frightened of course, but, oddly enough, I was touched with pity. He looked so old, so frail, so small in this large empty house.

I sprang up. "Uncle Robert," I asked timidly, "are you better?"

He bent still lower until he was almost on his hands and feet; then he looked up at me and his yellow teeth were bared, almost as an animal snarls. Then the doors closed again.

The slow, stealthy grey afternoon came at last. I walked with Armstrong to Gosforth village on some business that he had. We said no word of any matter at the Hall. I told him, he has reminded me, of how fond I was of him and that I wanted to be with him always, and he answered that perhaps it might be so, little knowing how true that prophecy was to stand. Like all children I had a great capacity for forgetting the atmosphere that I was not at that moment in, and I walked beside Bob along the frozen roads, with some of my fears surrendered.

But not for long. It was dark when I came into the long yellow drawing-room. I could hear the bells of Gosforth church pealing as I passed from the anteroom.

A MOMENT later there came a shrill terrified cry: "Who's that? Who is it?"

It was Uncle Constance who was standing in front of the yellow silk window curtains, staring at the dusk. I went over to him and he held me close to him.

"Listen!" he whispered. "What can you hear?"

The double doors through which I had come were half open. At first I could hear nothing but the clocks, the very faint rumble of a cart on the frozen road. There was no wind.

My uncle's fingers gripped my shoulder. "Listen!" he said again. And now I heard. On the stone passage beyond there was the patter of an animal's feet. Uncle Constance and I looked at one another. In that exchanged glance we confessed that our secret was the same. We knew what we should see.

A moment later it was there, standing in the double doorway, crouching a little and staring at us with a hatred that was mad and sick, the hatred of a sick animal crazy with unhappiness, but loathing us more than its own misery.

Slowly it came toward us, and to my reeling fancy all the room seemed to stink of caraway seed.

"Keep back! Keep away!" my uncle screamed.

I became oddly in my turn the protector.

"It shan't touch you! It shan't touch you, uncle!" I called. But the animal came on.

It stayed for a moment near a little round table that contained a composition of dead waxen fruit under a glass dome. It stayed here, its nose down, smelling the ground. Then, looking up at us, it came on again.

Oh, God! Even now as I write after all these years it is with me again, the flat skull, the cringing body in its evil colour, and that loathsome smell. It slobbered a little at its jaw. It bared its fangs.

Then I screamed, hid my face in my uncle's breast, and saw that he held in his trembling hand a thick, heavy, old-fashioned revolver. Then he cried out:

"Go back, Robert. . . . Go back!"

The animal came on. He fired. The detonation shook the room. The dog turned and, blood dripping from its throat, crawled across the floor.

By the door it halted, turned, and looked at us. Then it disappeared into the other room.

My uncle had flung down his revolver; he was crying, sniffling; he kept stroking my forehead, murmuring words.

At last, clinging to one another, we followed the splotches of blood across the carpet, beside the door, through the doorway. Huddled against a chair in the outer sitting room, one leg twisted under him, was my uncle Robert, shot through the throat.

On his head was a grey skullcap.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

The City of All Men
A close-up of Shanghai, the amazing
By Frederick Palmer

Confirmations
The story of a flyer's fight with fear
By Elliott White Springs

Famous "Bonehead" Plays
Why idols of sportdom "go wrong"
By George Trevor

Miss Stinson took her first flying lesson at Dayton in June, 1914, and passed her pilot's test after four and a half hours' instruction. She has carried air mail, given flying exhibitions, flown in Liberty Loan drives, and gained her coveted Department of Commerce license, No. P. 1600, on February 1, 1928. In the plane with her is Joseph Gorman, the first of her pupils to gain his license.

WINGS *for* War Birds

How a Girl Taught Fighters to Fly

By

MARJORIE STINSON

PERHAPS I might never have begun teaching men to fly had it not been for a group of youngsters who feared the war would be over before they could get into a fight. They were four Canadians who had passed their mental and physical examinations and needed only their wings to enter the Royal Flying Corps as subflight lieutenants—a sure ticket to the front.

The boys had enrolled in the Wright School at Dayton, Ohio, my own alma mater, but it was overcrowded, and their impatience drove them to wire me at San Antonio, Texas, asking if I would take them on. I wired back a "yes," and down they came before I was quite ready for them. My equipment consisted of:

1. A pilot's license, practically new, obtained after four and one-half hours' instruction from Howard Rinehart.
2. A good secondhand Wright Model B biplane (formerly the property of Early Bird Roy Waite).
3. About sixty hours' solo practice in the Wright Model B.
4. An excellent mechanic in the person of Daniel Kiser.
5. The use of Fort Sam Houston, Texas, cavalry drill grounds as a flying field.

The Canadians had not seen me fly, so I took the plane up for several short hops, not to show them how well I could fly, but merely to show them that I could fly safely and that the machine was in good order.

The school machine was the standard plane of that time, a Wright Model B biplane, powered with the famous Wright thirty-horsepower, four-cylinder engine. The radiator, gasoline tank, engine, pilot, and passenger (or pupil) were all spread out in the breeze like a wash on the clothesline, and made quite a startling array when seen sailing through the air.

Model B had warping wings. In other words, if the pilot wanted to make a turn, he banked the plane by pushing a lever and lowering the entire trailing edge of two of the wings, and raising the entire trailing edge of the other two wings. They all decided—and I agreed—that in the constant flying which would be required of me, warping the wings would call for too much physical effort on my part. To overcome this difficulty the wings were rigidly braced and a small area was removed from the outer trailing edge of all four wings and was replaced on hinges, thus forming flaps or ailerons. While mechanical operation at the controls and the resultant movement of the plane were the same, pilot fatigue was reduced to a minimum because of the smaller aileron surface moved to make a bank.

I then tried out the plane. It flew all right, and I felt that I had advanced a little in the art myself, since I had not previously made a flight in a plane with ailerons.

I had learned to fly using the Wright method of controlling the plane. This system employed two levers extending about shoulder high, one lever on each side of the pilot. The left lever was to move the elevator, to guide the plane up or down. The right lever banked the plane; while an additional lever, hinged to the top of the right lever, was for the rudder—to steer the plane to the left or right.

THE Canadians informed me that they were requested to learn another method of control, known then as the three-in-one. It had to be done, so my mechanic started getting equipment from nowhere and making things out of what seemed to be nothing at all. An auto lost a steering wheel, while an airplane gained one at the pupil's seat. A rudder gadget found a home beside the wheel, the elevator controls were connected, and we had a plane with two distinct and complete ways to fly it; the old Wright sticks for the use of the schoolma'am, and the more modern three-in-one at the student's seat. Again I took the plane up for a ride, looking for any possible interference in the air between the two controls. Finding none, I was ready to begin teaching.

Being a woman, I felt that I had a right to talk a little, and so plunged into an explanation of why the plane flew and how. I explained that in flying they had only three things to consider: namely, the direction (left or right), the banking, and the ascent or descent.

Since aviation was itself new, I felt that I could perhaps make myself clearer by citing examples with which

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WINGS FOR WAR BIRDS
Continued from page twenty-five]

they were all familiar. An auto, I told them, had only one way in which it could be controlled: namely, direction. In a plane this corresponded to the rudder. Next I mentioned a motorcycle and the fact that it could be both banked and guided—and that likewise a plane could be both banked and guided by using the ailerons and rudder respectively. Finally, the airplane came up for discussion, with its added maneuverability due to the function of the elevator.

The boys listened patiently and politely. I concluded the lecture with a promise to permit each man to assume as much control of the plane as he could safely handle. And I promised to ground any one who did not release all control at a given signal from me and allow me to land the plane in case of trouble. The air is no place to settle a difference of opinion about how to fly, and as they were all obviously stronger than I was, I pointed out a fire extinguisher within my reach on the plane, and explained its double duty.

Coins were tossed for first hops, and Joseph Gorman of Ottawa won first up; Herbert MacKenzie of Victoria, B. C., was second; Jack E. Walker of Regina was third, and John A. Harman of Uxbridge was last. I foresaw that I was expected to fly continually, but it was a case of war, so I was willing.

The first flights, or joy hops, were of about ten minutes' duration each, and were to get the embryo pilots used to being up and to give them a chance just to look around. Afterward came short flights on which I allowed them to handle the rudder control. We had tied a white string on the skid brace out in front as a check on straight flying and properly executed turns. Overcontrol or undercontrol with the rudder resulted in the string flying back at an angle, and the error was corrected by flying in the direction in which the string was pointing. The string would also serve as a stall indicator, but I did not tell them about that and how to correct it, because if they stalled to where the string registered, it was just too late anyhow.

AFTER about twenty minutes' practice on the rudder, they were given both the rudder and ailerons to handle. Flying then began to be a little intricate, as they were flying eights, or making left and right turns alternately, and around given points, in serious preparation for their solo license test. We made wide, easy turns at first, gradually tilting the plane and tightening the turns until they could make a sixty-degree bank with confidence. Here they began to develop flying instinct.

After classes they would discuss their various discoveries or faults, and these discussions were most helpful. Soon they were sufficiently advanced with the rudder and ailerons, and were given the elevator, thereby doing all the flying. I merely sat in the plane and folded my hands. On many occasions I had to unfold them pretty quickly and get the plane out of a tight place.

As soon as errors could be corrected without my help, I gave my pupils an added worry—the prospect of an emergency landing. I took each man up separately, stopped the engine, and had him make a landing without power. Such a landing would be part of their license test, so just how it was done was a subject for consideration. Spot landings without power were an every-flight occurrence.

The Canadians apparently had the letter-writing or telegram-sending habit, because after about a week's time, and before any of the four had soloed, more Canadians came and asked to be taught to fly. They came by twos and threes, and within ten days after I had said, "Yes, I'll try to teach you to fly," I found that there were ten young men from Canada, all ready to go up with me.

The First Aëro Squadron of the Signal Corps, United States Army, flew cross-country into San Antonio from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, before any of my pupils had soloed. Lieutenants Ira A. Rader and Thomas S. Bowen agreed to observe officially the license test flights when the boys were ready.

The Aëro Club of America, governing body of aëronautical sporting events, ruled that candidates for a pilot's license should be alone in the plane at the time they were qualifying. Two of these flights were to be identical, the pilot executing five sets of figures of eight, around pylons, and landing within 164 feet of a mark. The third was to be an altitude flight, the landing to be made from a given height and with the motor completely cut off.

GORMAN and MacKenzie were the first to face the test. Gorman was to solo first. Lieutenants Rader and Bowen were at the field at daybreak to observe the flights. Pylons were properly distanced, a white cloth marker was staked down for the spot landings, the barograph was inspected, and all was ready. In the short interval before the start, I mentally reviewed all that my instructor had told me before I soloed, to see whether I had omitted anything. I could think of nothing further to tell Gorman.

The engine was idling as the boys turned the plane around for his take-off. I stood on the front skid, as usual, to balance the plane on its wheels, and thus rode in a semicircle on the ground, while the boys, especially his Canadian comrades, eagerly clung to the struts until the plane was in proper position to start.

We moved clear of the plane. Some one spoke to me, but I couldn't hear what he said. Gorman was now master of the ship. He raced the engine, throttled it, then raised his hand—the signal for starting. Then came the humorous part. Being a woman, I *had* to have the last word, so I halted Gorman, ran over and shouted to him, "Don't forget, Mr. Gorman, start your glide at once if the engine stops." He grinned, nodded a cheery "Yes, ma'am," and with the skill of a veteran, opened up the throttle and sped (at the rate of forty miles an hour) down the runway and into the air.

The plane kept an even keel and made a graceful wide turn to the left. He neither banked too steeply nor did he climb on the turn. Gorman was warbound in a hurry, and he shrewdly utilized his first turn as part of his test. He then leveled out, climbed gently on the straightaway, and reversed into a right turn, rounding the pylon and the observer standing beside it.

On the ground, they all agreed that he was practically an aviator right then. I walked around, standing beside the boys on the field to hear what they had to say. At the conclusion of five complete eights in the air, and by prearranged plan, one of the boys flagged him down with a sheet.

Another moment of suspense after he had been flagged! He must cut off the engine and land within 164 feet of the white spot we had staked down. I watched him carefully. Maybe I prayed some. He had soared about a mile away, headed home, leveled off, and reached overhead to jerk the compression cable, thereby stopping the engine.

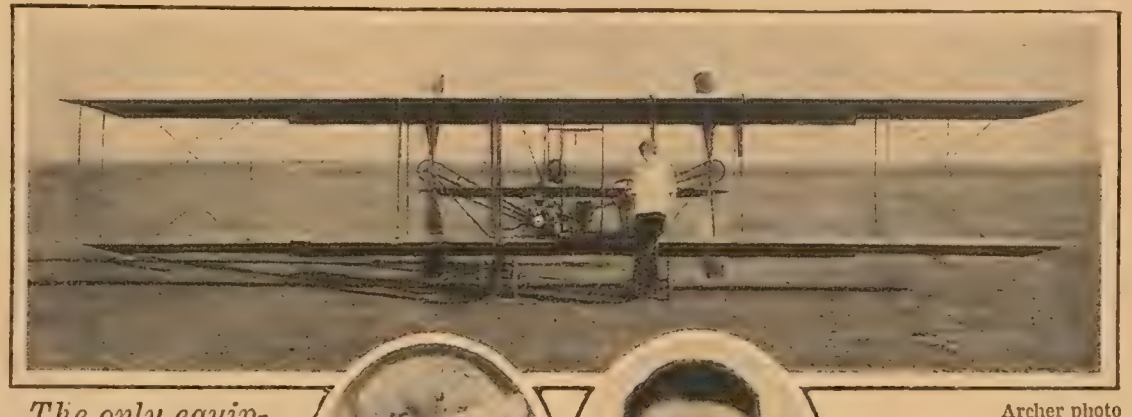
Gorman nosed over, glided down, and landed without a jar within ten feet of the marker. We congratulated him, called him "old-timer," and rushed him into the air again while the weather was good. He successfully completed another set of eights and, taking on gas and oil, hurried up for his altitude flight before the air got bumpy.

The stunt on this last flight was to reach a certain height, climbing in wide circles, then land with a dead motor. The recording barograph was strapped in the

Miss Stinson welcoming Lieut. C. G. Chapman of the First Aëro Squadron. Two of Lieutenant Chapman's comrades later acted as official observers on license flights.

seat beside him. On this flight he could land anywhere he chose. He climbed steadily until we flagged him down and went on climbing afterward so there could be no question of his reaching the required height, cut off the motor, and glided down to one of those now famous gentle landings. Canada had offered another volunteer, the Royal Flying Corps was to acquire another subflight lieutenant, and the first girl to teach flying had graduated a pupil.

At times there were sixteen pupils in my class, and, in order to give all of them sufficient time in the air, it was necessary for me to stay up over six hours every day. This was, of course, divided into short hops. Constant flying every day was not in the least distasteful to me, nor uncomfortable, except on extremely cold days.



Archer photo

The only equipment possessed by Miss Stinson when she started her school.

Marcel Dubuc, a Stinson pupil who learned to fly in 3 hours 40 minutes.

Paul V. Morris, who crowded 4 hours' flying in 5 days and got his license.

I remember one cold day in particular. The plane was the wide-open type, the flyers sitting on the wing. As some of the men were not yet very good flyers I had plenty to occupy my mind and forgot that I was rather cold. A gentleman from Canada stepped up and announced that the flights would have to cease for the morning, since I was blue in the face and my teeth were chattering. I had to be assisted from the plane and accompanied to the nearest homestead, where I literally climbed in the oven and drank all the coffee that had been prepared for the family breakfast. My Canadian guardian promised to call back again for me later, but I thawed out sufficiently to walk back and resume flying. From then on there was a teacher's pet in my little school and I saw to it that my northern friend took his test as quickly as humanly possible, which in his case happened to be three hours and forty-five minutes' flying time.

The record for the shortest flying time necessary before one of my students soloed and passed his test was made by Marcel Dubuc, French-Canadian, from Montreal. Dubuc received only three hours and forty minutes' flying instruction before he successfully flew alone.

Another unusual record was made by Paul V. Morris of Paris, France. It seemed that he, also, was in a hurry to be off to war, which had started while he was visiting in the United States, and he explained that his entrance into his air service could only be assured if he had his wings when he arrived overseas. I agreed to give him his time as fast as he could take it. He crowded four hours of flight training into five days, successfully soloing and passing his tests on the evening of the fifth day. His flights were officially observed by one of his classmates in flying, John Frost, vice president of the Frost National Bank of San Antonio, Texas. Morris was granted Aëro Club of America's pilot license No. 494.

FROST, San Antonio's first sportsman flyer, soloed in exactly four hours. The other graduates were citizens of then belligerent countries, and had entered my flying school for the specific purpose of joining the air services of their respective armies. I was, therefore, accustomed to congratulating them and wishing them God speed at the same time. Mr. Frost was duly graduated and congratulated, but he had no notion of going anywhere just then. Next morning at gray dawn I was up in the Wright Model B, chasing coyotes around the field, when I recognized the lights of Frost's high-speed roadster down the road. They turned into the field, and I wondered what the trouble could be, and landed to inquire. He laughed and explained that he wanted to take some advanced flying lessons. So far I hadn't had a request for any kind of postgraduate work, but it sounded interesting, so I agreed.

He took twelve hours' training from me, then went off and brought back a Curtiss J. N., quite the latest and raciest plane to be had in those days. He had a field laid out and a hangar built on his country estate. After our entrance into the war, Frost served overseas as captain in the army.

One of my most interesting flying students came up from Mexico and was introduced by his interpreter as Señor Francisco Montes de Orca. He spoke Spanish fluently, while I spoke English with a southern accent. All of my instructions about flying were relayed to him through his interpreter. Had he not been an exceptionally apt pupil, the lessons might have proved hazardous for us both.

They were not all so bright, however. One young man, in particular, always flew wing low. On the ground he seemed sensible and on an even keel, but he just never did fly level. During one of his many sideslips in the air, I turned around to see whatever in the world he could be thinking about, and he wasn't thinking—he was just gazing at the day moon and chewing gum. On the next flight, the gum was stuck under the wing, and the plane flew level for his first time.

Only two girls have taken flying lessons from me, and while neither of them soloed, both could have safely flown alone had they chosen.

MUCH has been said about whether or not women should actually pilot their own planes. As I see it, there is no question about it. Women have been flying successfully for years. Miss Harriet Quimby, first American woman to fly, learned in 1911, and shortly thereafter flew alone across the English Channel, which was quite an undertaking for any pilot, considering the planes available in those grand old pioneer days. Close on her heels came Miss Matilde Moisant, another skillful pilot.

The third woman to qualify as a pilot was my sister, Katherine Stinson, who learned to fly in 1912, and who has held me spellbound by her night sky-writing, intricate stunting, and long, cross-country flights. The next woman to grace the sky was Miss Ruth Law, an expert pilot if there ever was one, and, so far, the only person who has ever flown out of and landed within the Ellipse in Washington, D. C.

Of the modern pilots, the late Miss Marvel Crosson attained an altitude of 24,000 feet, thereby establishing a world record for women.

The present world endurance record for women was made at Le Bourget Field, Paris, France, July 28 and 29, 1929, by Mlle. Maryse Bastie, who succeeded in remaining aloft twenty-six hours and forty-six minutes. She remained up through a night in the fog and five hours of rain, truly an endurance test for any lone pilot.

Piloting, contrary to popular opinion, does not require a great amount of physical strength. Just after Lindbergh completed his famous New York to Paris flight, he was asked if he thought a girl could also make a solo transatlantic flight, and his answer was, "Why not?"

The Department of Commerce now lists seventy women pilots, and hundreds of women student pilots. With the ever increasing comfort and safety of the present-day planes, we may easily expect to see in the near future dainty butterfly brigades of pastel-tinted planes manned by members of the weaker sex.

THE END

Let's Go Back to Work

The Reflections of One Who Learned About Life from the Stock Market

Who doesn't thrill to find a dollar bill in last winter's overcoat?

By

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

who signs F. P. A. to a New York newspaper column which he has conducted for more than twenty-five years and to which many celebrated writers have contributed. He was born in Chicago in 1881, attended the University of Michigan, and once wrote Lo, a musical comedy, in collaboration with O. Henry.

Pictures by GLUYAS WILLIAMS

BOY, the dignity of labor! Boy, the blessing of work! . . . Where is that boy? Can it be that there is no boy? Can it be that if I want something done, something looked up for me, I shall have to do it myself? Can it be that I shall have to look something up myself instead of telling that boy to look it up while I was looking out of the window, or—more likely—gazing, with intense gratification to myself, at the stock ticker?

It can be. It is. The boy, who got $22.50 a week and wasn't worth $4, has had to seek other, presumably less gainful, employment. For his sake I hope that he has found it, and that at $4 a week he is nearer his true value. He may be saying to himself that this is only a technical reaction; that it is a healthy catharsis; and that Morgan and Rockefeller are in the same boat. But he thinks that Morgan and Rockefeller are in a great big unsinkable ship, which they own; and that he is in a leaky and borrowed canoe.

As you may have guessed, this is a financial article. And the financial articles, these days, remind me of the old-fashioned—happily old-fashioned—things called Reading Notices, which were stories beginning innocently enough, but ending with the announcement that if you took some of Dr. Quaxo's Quaxo you would be wise, wealthy, and healthy. For no matter how the current stories begin, they end up with the Inside Story of what started the Toboggan Slide of October, 1929, or another of those What-Did-I-Tell-You-in-September? things. It was the bear pools, it was the investment trusts, it was money madness, it was this bank's enmity for that bank, it was this railroad's jealousy of that one, it was the refusal of one state to allow a public utility to split its stock; there are even more reasons than explainers.

But this is the story of what happened to me and my friends, a fairly well paid, hard-working lot of men and women in about as many well paved walks of life as there are in America. It strikes me that the article isn't unlike a revival meeting, with testimony from everybody—and I don't mean nearly—that I have spoken to. For during the days of the big November declines in the stock market, when, for me at least, the ticker had ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest, I asked a few of my friends—everybody was asking everybody else—how they stood financially. "Ruined?" was the bantering, semirhetorical question. "Yes," cried they, as one man. "Yes," I said, when they asked me.

I couldn't believe it. For during the days when the market seemed to be up for an altitude and endurance record that threatened to tie empyrean eternity, friends came to me with tales that passed belief; with stories of how a week ago they had bought 100 shares of United States This or General That, and made $6,400; they had bought three shares of Continental Whatnot and made $296.25; they had bought 1,000 shares of Union Whosis a year ago last August, and made $985,000. I am lying about the names of these corporations, and I am telling only part of the truth. I knew literally hundreds of persons who told me of the profits they had made by their phenomenal intuition, advice, astuteness, or luck. I myself was not among the mute.

FOR did I not, six years or so ago, as a result of winning $1,100 in a chemin-de-fer game, and $1,000 in a poker game—the most money I ever had had at one time in my life—purchase, on margin, it is true, 100 shares of a fine stock? Gradually, as I won a little money at cards or wrote a piece in addition to the things I get my weekly envelope for, I reduced my margin. It got so that in three years I was able to buy another 100 shares of this superlative stock at 329, though I had paid only 183 for my first 100 shares. Then, in a few months, the stock split 4 for 1, and I had 800 shares. That stock started going up again, shedding gifts as it went. Last August it went to 403, and with what I had bought of other stocks—on margin, but a wide and handsome one—I had what they call an equity of $350,000, which meant that if I sold all my stocks that morning I would have $350,000, incredibly more money than I had earned by writing incessantly, for good pay, for twenty-six years. More than I am likely to earn for the rest of my life by my own efforts.

I did keep my job, largely from inertia, but with another $100,000 or so I would have chucked the job. I borrowed on my stock and bought a beautiful house and forty acres of Connecticut farmland, and a spacious house in New York City. . . . To sell a long story short, I still have those two houses; all that I have to do is to keep them light and warm, and full—oh, how full!—of un-

hungry mouths. And I saved from the recklessness 200 shares of a single stock; perhaps the soundest of all industrial stocks, though as I write it has just made its third successive new low record for the year. I was a fool not to sell my stock last August, but how about wiser, older, more financially experienced heads than mine, as indeed whose was not? They all should have sold then, and how few did!

One careful friend who had amassed $600,000 by selling before the first slide the stock on which he had made a great profit, took all the cash, bought stocks on margin on October 27 at what he considered so low a price that it couldn't go lower. It could, and it did, bucketty bucketty. One margin call after another, and finally he lost it all, much of it having been money saved from twenty years of profitable work. He has gone back to that work, which, luckily for him, is in great demand. But it will take a long time, conceding that he lives long enough, for him to be $600,000 to the good.

For many of us, during those years of bullishness, altered our standards of living, and increased greatly our irreducible fixed charges. It will be no great hardship for the man with ten motor cars to cut down to four, but it will be more than irksome for the woman who finally got to the point where she had a cook to let the cook go, and it will be hard, though not necessarily bad for the sufferer's soul, for the family who ran their first motor car last spring to be unable to run it at all.

YOU know dozens of instances like that of my friend and his $600,000, the variations being in the amounts. For this speculative yearning was not an exclusively New York or Chicago affair. It spread to every town in the country, and to many villages and farms. The radio and the newspaper multiplied the number of Americans to hear of the easy money made by others, and that was enough.

And this is where my opinion dissents from the published statements of the financiers, the quoted interviews with bankers and brokers, and the editorial writers who talk and write about Easy Money and the Desire to Get Something for Nothing.

I think that the Desire to Get Something for Nothing is ineradicable. I think that it is sound doctrine, and a human and universal instinctive wish. It is all right.

Who doesn't thrill to find a dollar bill in last winter's overcoat? More of us get a thrill at finding a nickel on the sidewalk than at earning $200. Maybe the bankers and financiers who speak so scornfully of this Desire are so filled with it, it may be so much a part of their own philosophy, that they are perhaps a little hurt if the public manifests this desire. And the bankers and financiers who decry this Desire to Get Something for Nothing are at this rainy November minute probably waiting for stocks to go so low that they may buy them for darned near nothing. In which event they will be known—and justly—as wise men.

What, I ask, is wrong with that Desire? Who hath it not at all? Or, at least, the Desire to Get as Much as Possible for as Little as Possible. Are not all inventions founded on that highly efficient theory? Even an utter altruist wants the greatest possible satisfaction, or spiritual kick, out of his unselfishness. Would I not like to get $1,000,000 for this article if I could? Do not my boys want all the dinner they can get with the least possible expenditure of spinach consumption? Would you not like to work less hard, or to have your work less irksome, and get more money, or praise, or fame, or comfort, for it?

I may be writing like an advertisement of an Improve-Your-Condition school. Well, such advertisements have a wide appeal because they emphasize the notion that something may be had for almost nothing. Does the pianist not try to get the greatest possible expression, or yield, from each note? Does the—oh, all right—do we verbal wizards not try to get the greatest possible return from each word? And wouldn't we, if we could, like to be able to stick a sheet of paper in the typewriter, go away and play eighteen holes of golf, or—which is more like it—five sets of tennis, and then come back to find a lovely poem, or a fine play, or a great story, all typed out? Yes, most of us would. It would be getting something for nothing, which, deny it if you like, is the goal of most of us. And if such a thing occurred, and we came back to find the poem all done without the expenditure of any thought, emotion, or energy, we would think, the first

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hardly a margin account is now alive—or dead, for that matter—that doesn't remember that famous day.

[LET'S GO BACK TO WORK
Continued from page twenty-nine]

time, that it was luck. But after we had found all sorts of beautiful writings in the machine, we would, before long, attribute it to our sagacity, charm, industriousness, or psychic powers.

And that, roughly—not to add tumbly—is what happened in the stock slide of 1929. Millions of us, finding that an increase in stock values had actually made money for us, wondered at first. The first profit bewildered us. Many of us—and it was freshman year for millions of stockholders—discovering that we had "made" $200 in a single day's advance of some stock, that here was wealth, disproportionately more wealth than we could collect by any work we previously had done. And we asked, like the man who won a 200-to-1 bet on his first horse-race bet, "How long has this been going on?"

It can't continue, experts said, when General Electric, for example, reached 150, for was not that a 4-for-1 split-up stock, which meant 600 on the old basis? It can't continue, they said, when on New Year's Eve it went to 221, the highest point in its history? It can't continue, they said, when in April I bought one share of General Electric for my youngest son, thinking—I still think so—that by the time he was ready to go to college, that one share would pay his way for four years. I hope my readers will clip this, just to see, in 1945, whether I was right. And when GL, as we ticker watchers soon got to call it, kept going to 300, and in the excellent old summertime, when it reached 403, and the experts said it couldn't continue, I didn't believe them. They had been wrong every time about the inabllity of stocks to go higher. It had continued when they said that it was impossible; frequently the stock market had made a sucker, as you might say, of the law of gravitation.

He goes to lunch at a good place and figures on the back of the menu card.

SO I bought a few more of these soaring stocks, and saw wealth around the corner; enough wealth to enable me to retire, and to write only when I felt like writing—which is absolutely never, never, never. Well, things began to slide off a little. I thought that they would come back soon, and even if they didn't I could afford a decrease, so impregnable was my margin, that most of my stocks could drop 50 per cent of where they were in September—some stocks 75 per cent—and I would still be solvent. There were millions like me.

Bingo!

Hardly a margin account is now alive—or dead, for that matter—that doesn't remember that famous day, October 23, and year, 1929. For that day many strong stocks declined as much as 20 points . . . and they kept on going that way day after day for three weeks.

Little that is scientific remains to be told. Margin accounts strong enough to weather the first break breathed their last during the second. Accounts strong even as late as the end of the first week of November were picking at the counterpane on November 12, and many, many during the next day died—some in agony, some without regaining consciousness. Thousands of us foolish ones, anxious to save a life preserver, sacrificed 90 per cent of what we had in order to save 10 per cent; thousands didn't do so well as that.

And here comes my text. When a man of whom it can be said literally that he has nothing but money loses his money, he has—even you can do that bit of simple subtraction—nothing left. When a man has other interests, passions, loves—call it an inner life or a soul and you'll be right—he not only has something left when he loses money, but also he may gain in strength and happiness, and add to his nonmaterial equipment.

NOW, I am a fairly devout daily worshiper of money myself; I like warmth in winter, and lots of good food all the four seasons. I hate cheap shirts, underwear, socks, and shoes. I like to have my children healthy and clean. I like to have two tightly strung tennis rackets. I hate cheap cigars. I like concerts and the theater. I hate to fight the Little Woman when she wants a new dress. But all those things cost money, and that is why I like it, and want it.

But this is where the revision of values comes in, for most of us money-earners.

Multiply Eddie Beasley's case by a million and you'll be conservative. Eddie is a salesman for a wholesale shoe house. He calls on the city trade. His normal earnings, salary and commission, run about $150 a week. He has saved $2,000. He hears, in 1928, of Ben Glutz, a hosiery salesman, who with $1,000 two years ago, cleaned up $280,000 in General Debility common. "Bought 500 at 21 on margin, it went to 60, split 10 for 1, and then those shares went to 60." So Eddie Beasley turns his $2,000 and buys . . . almost anything. On margin, of course, and as narrow as he is permitted to have. For in those days it was considered that buying a stock outright was like putting it into a child's bank that paid no interest. What was 5 or 6 per cent? Old stuff. Good enough for the days of horse cars.

So for the first week after Eddie has become a holder of stocks, he looks at the Wall Street edition of the evening paper. He sees +3½, +9¾, +6¼ . . . and so on. "Well," he says to himself, "I made $350

today . . . $975 today . . . $625 today." Next week he begins buying papers at noon, just to see how they opened. . . . . A month later he drops into a broker's office and looks at the ticker. He sees that he is $112.50 to the good and here it is only 10:45 A. M. Suppose he does sell a bill of goods . . . that's only, he says to himself, $85 commission. This stock thing is easier and more profitable. So he goes to lunch at a good place, for he feels rich, and after all what's the difference whether he spends 35 cents or $1.90 for lunch?

He figures on the back of the menu card. If this keeps up—and a lot of us skipped that hypothesis, for we took for granted that it would keep up—and that stock-split comes, and they pay that extra dividend, there's $72,000 that he's ahead this year. And all on $1,000, though he has forgotten that part of it by this time, and considers himself a Big Operator and an Investor. About ten years of shoe-selling, but this is no work. So he calls on the trade only after three o'clock.

The orders decrease, not at once, but after a few months. This happened to many salesmen. There also were instances of a broker's going to a salesman, suggesting that as he knew a lot of people in the trade, why not pick up a little extra money by suggesting to them that they "invest" in the market, and here, Eddie, is $100 a week on the side for you.

Something like that happens to Eddie's boss, the head of the firm. The boss is devoting more thought, or dreaming, to stocks than to the business. Maybe when he gets a loan of $200,000 at the bank for the development of the business, $100,000 goes into the business, and $100,000 into the market. There is more money to be made in stocks than in business. Anybody can see that a circle like this is worse than vicious; it's criminally insane.

I like warmth in winter, and lots of good food all the four seasons.

EDDIE BEASLEY'S stock drops 11 points; there's $1,100 he loses in a day, or about as much as he earns in two months. Well, it may go up tomorrow. Tomorrow it drops 8. Eddie is now back at shoe-selling, with $2,000 saved from his non-realized fortune, $1,000 richer instead of he hates to think how many thousands.

I know a short-story writer who can count on about $25,000 a year. His output averages a story in two weeks, and he gets about $1,000 a story. He, of course, was in the market. One day the values of his stocks increased $28,000. He took a day off. Twenty-eight stories, to say nothing of all the physical work of writing them. A year's hard work. Next day they went up $8,000. So he called up the broker and told him that now that his equity was so large, and his margin 75 per cent, please buy him a bunch of this or that. Next day, owing to his increased holdings, there was a $51,000 increase for him, in one day! So he borrowed $3,000 from his account, took two months in Europe, and came back in September to an even increased account. He could have sold everything, he computed, and had $518,000 in cash—more money than any of his friends had, or were likely ever to have. That would give him $30,000 a year. . . . Well . . . no. At this rate, there seemed no top to the market, so he'd wait until it reached a frigid million, and then cash in. After all, he figured (and he told me all this when we exchanged experiences and found that they varied only in amount and nature of stocks), why write a story? A fluctuation of one point in stock when you had 1,000 shares. See it go up $28,000 in a day! Think of the work it takes to earn that. See it go down $28,000 in a day. Think of the work it takes to earn that.

IT is like a too-high stakes poker game, which I play in once a week. It is too high, because I know that I can't afford to lose two months' salary in an evening, nor—for the sake of my work and my soul—can I afford to win two months' salary in an evening. It is hard, admitting that you are writing chiefly to earn money, to lash yourself into a writing mood when you know that you can lose, or make, as much by having a better hand than somebody, or by bluffing somebody, as you could earn in a week's hard, irksome work.

What has happened? Thousands of us, in order to pay living expenses, are back at work. It is two or three years since many of us have been using more than three of our eight cylinders; it is a joy to find that they all still function, and that the human machine has not run down or corroded; it is a sorrow to find that through disuse, through too much money worship, the machine no longer is able to function. That, it grieves me to know, has happened to some of my friends who have been playing the market to the exclusion of other work and other thought.

I am not a boy who sees sermons in oils, books in the running motors, and good in everything. But I know that the recent slump in stocks is an excellent thing for an overwhelming majority of those who have lost fortunes that were too easily made. It will mean spiritual salvation for many. There is no doubt that the country's resources are as rich as they were before "the lonesome October of my most immemorial year." It is utterly true that American business, never without some spuriousness and bunk, is as sound as it ever was. I think it is sounder than ever, because this decline has served to take some of the phoniness out of American business.

And most of us, back at regular work again, still wanting Something for Nothing, though we think that the chances of getting it are fewer than they used to be,—most of us are too busy to hear the ballyhoo. And that, if you ask me, is simply swell for all of us.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—Which is farther north, Paris or Quebec?

2—What Shakespearean character is called the melancholy Dane?

3—How many cubic inches in a cubic foot?

4—In what country is the River of Doubt?

5—What does the French phrase *fin de siècle* mean?

6—What body of water lies between Asia Minor and Greece?

7—What President was a native of New Jersey?

8—Who composed the opera Tales of Hoffmann?

9—Who was Vasco da Gama?

10—What is a hedonist?

11—What nations engaged in the Battle of Marathon?

12—Who was George Washington's first Secretary of State?

13—Malta is a colony of what nation?

14—What is the derivation of the name Mississippi?

15—What poem begins: "Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me"?

16—What is a somniloquist?

17—What is picaresque fiction?

18—Who, in Greek mythology, fell in love with his own reflection and was changed into a flower?

19—How many feet in a furlong?

20—In what Shakespearean drama does the character Iago appear?

(Answers will be found on page forty-two)

Patsy Ruth Miller and Alice White try out that "come hither" look in the movie revue, Show of Shows.

Words and Music

New Films Show How Well—and Badly—They Can Be Blended

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE LOVE PARADE

THE first real musical film has arrived. It is Paramount's Balkan operetta, The Love Parade, directed by that adroit German master of picture-making, Ernst Lubitsch, and starring the personable Frenchman, Maurice Chevalier.

The Love Parade has charm. It is staged with taste and richness. It has tempo and spirit. It has intelligence and subtlety. I will not call it sophisticated, because Herr Lubitsch dreads the word and its effect upon national box offices. But The Love Parade is mature and slyly racy.

Most of all, The Love Parade reveals the first real steps in musical film technique. Herr Lubitsch has not set up his camera in the main aisle of a theater and filmed the song-and-dance proceedings. He has managed, on the other hand, to mingle skillfully romance and music—and he has maintained a fine pace throughout.

The screen has had a few dashing silent romances of genuine charm. The Waltz Dream was one. The Merry Widow was another. The Love Parade is the talkies' first adventure with charm.

The military attaché of the Sylvanian Embassy in Paris is summoned home to answer to his queen for his many escapades. The queen is young and love-hungry — and she quickly marries the naughty attaché. The operetta does not stop there. It goes on to depict the Prince Consort's restlessness as the fifth wheel of the little Empire of Sylvania. He tires of watching his queen preside over daily dress parades—and he finally asserts himself.

Monsieur Chevalier is the attaché and here is the best romantic performance since Rudy Valentino's Julio in The Four Horsemen and John Gilbert's Prince Danillo in The Merry Widow. It may make him the idol of moviedom. That is, if Paramount does not persist in its attempt to bill him as "the big Happiness Boy from Paris."

Some kidding in The Saturday Night Kid: Clara Bow as Duty, and James Hall as Everyclerk.

A newcomer from musical comedy, Jeanette MacDonald, is the queen and she is a happy choice. She does not possess a great voice but it is one that is microphonically lovely. Add to this a sprightly light-comedy touch and you have a perfect foil for Chevalier.

Laurels to Herr Lubitsch, too. His sly humor lights his views of life behind the throne and his glimpses of soldiers on eternal parade. He has broken away from the rut of musical pictures. He has captured and maintained a fine texture of sentimental humor. Lubitsch had the expert aid of Ernest Vajda, the scenarist, and Guy Bolton, the musical-comedy constructor. And

A scene in The Love Parade: Jeanette MacDonald as the much-mirrored Queen Louise. On the right: Maurice Chevalier in the same film.

the musical score of Victor Schertzinger, the movie director and song writer, helps a lot.

Recent Vox Pops declare I am too liberal with stars. Yet I would give five stars to The Love Parade if I had them. It easily is the best picture of the year.

★ ★ ★ SHOW OF SHOWS

Every one of the big Hollywood producers has tackled a revue. Show of Shows is the Warner Brothers' star circus. It boasts seventy-seven stars and any number of other feature performers. I won't start counting the genuine stars in the constellation. The term "star" is vague, anyway. Moreover, famous film folk crowd the sumptuous settings and the screen is glutted with talent.

The chief difficulty with a celluloid revue is to get this talent into action in something worth while. Chorines climb up and down ladders. Every one, from John Barrymore to Rin-Tin-Tin, does his bit.

Mr. Barrymore (it's his first talkie appearance) does Gloucester's soliloquy from Henry VI. Most of the critics thought Mr. Barrymore (who looked to me like Mr. Hyde in black armor) quite wonderful. I have my doubts.

The chief fault with Show of Shows is that it possesses no real song hit. When he doesn't attempt a torch song, the wise-cracking Frank Fay is an amusing master of ceremonies. There is a travesty upon mother songs by a quartet (of which Beatrice Lillie is a member) and an admirably worked-out chorus specialty.

★ GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL

It is difficult to conceive of the same producing company making The Love Parade and Glorifying the American Girl. In filming the last named, Paramount had the assistance of the super-glorifyer, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. Between them they fell down badly.

The slender plot concerns two loving young folk who work in a department-store music department. The girl gets a chance on the stage in the Follies and becomes a star. The boy marries another girl in his department.

Glorifying the American Girl presents Mary Eaton and Edward Crandall.

The only interest of the film lies in the glimpses of a stage performance presenting Rudy Vallée, Helen Morgan, and Eddie Cantor.

Cantor is particularly amusing in a skit as an assistant in a secondhand clothing emporium.

Mary Eaton, as the glorified one, is the only member of the cast who does anything worth while.

★ ★ THE SATURDAY NIGHT KID

Remember Love 'Em and Leave 'Em, made several years ago by Paramount with Evelyn Brent and Louise Brooks? Here it is again, this time in talkie guise, with Clara Bow as the self-sacrificing department-store worker who gives up all the joys of life for her flighty, selfish sister, done by Jean Arthur. The new chatter version is full of the "It" girl's peppy philosophy about petting and other national problems.

Do you know that—

Lewis Ayres, the boy who scored in The Kiss with Greta Garbo, has been chosen for the rôle of Paul Baumer in All Quiet on the Western Front? . . . Ayres used to play a banjo and sing with hotel orchestras? . . . Jeanette MacDonald, the queen of The Love Parade, is a Philadelphia girl of Scottish descent who began her stage career in the chorus?

Next week: A review of the 1929 films.

. . . with the guns it's

PRECISION!

Cheste

SUCH POPULARITY M

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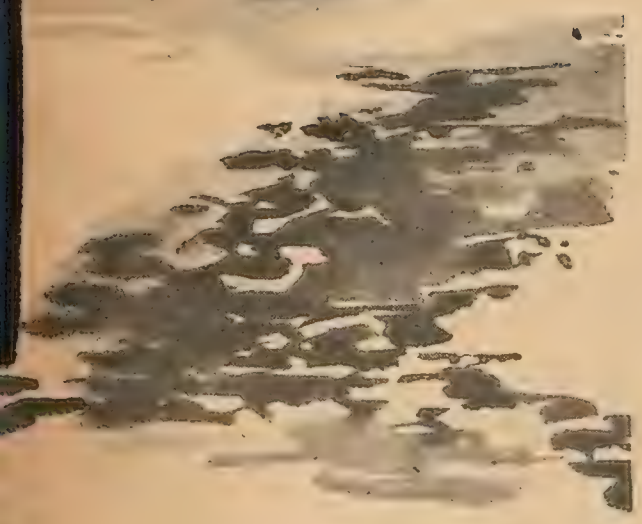
. . . in a cigarette it's TASTE!



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T BE DESERVED

MILD, yes . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

© London Stereoscopic Co.

Lillie Langtry as Kate Hardcastle in She Stoops to Conquer. In this part she made her stage début.

The Jersey Lily

The Life Story of the Lovely Langtry

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

AT this installment's opening, the life of Lillie Langtry as narrated by Princess Kropotkin has reached a point where, although "the Lily" is still young and her beauty is still at its height, her worldly fortunes have sunk to their lowest ebb. Previous installments have told of her birth and early youth on the island of Jersey; of her marriage to Edward Langtry and their removal to London; of her beauty's instantaneous and brilliant social conquest there; and of the collapse of her position and resources upon the breaking off of an association that had made her a glamorous object of envy but also a plaything of scandal. The close of last week's installment left her bankrupt and at a loss for an occupation by which to make a living.

Part Three—The Lily Is Staged

"YOU will rule in three dominions, by these possessions you will conquer, and you will live three lives."

Such was the fate a gypsy foretold for Lillie while she was yet a schoolgirl. Had she been more superstitious these curious words would no doubt have rung in her ears when she returned to London from her retirement in Jersey.

One phase of her life was at an end. She had ruled as a queen of beauty in society. Higher she could not climb. To continue the same life meant only stepping down.

Had Lillie heeded the gypsy's prophecy at this moment in her life, she would have looked at once for a new "kingdom," rather than have essayed to continue in her old one. She would have spared herself much humiliation by doing this.

These were days when she lived partly on her friends, visiting here and there, and more than partly on those funds which her faithful maid Dominique was supposed to conjure out of the air. But the only superstition Lillie ever had was a much less beneficial one than faith in prophecies.

Among the possessions sold by auction to cover her debts was a stuffed peacock. A well meaning friend bought back this hideosity for Lillie. The bird of ill omen was installed in her new lodgings. Only after various deaths and disasters occurred in her family did she decide that the ill luck was due to its baleful influence. So, to rid herself of the jinx, she presented the bird to Oscar Wilde, with whom she was angry at the moment. From him it passed to Frank Miles, Lillie's devoted friend, whom misfortune promptly pursued.

FREE from the evil influence of the peacock, Lillie plunged again into the maelstrom of gayety with a retinue of admirers, untroubled by the fact that many doors were now closed to her. Whether the financial assistance she received at this period came from platonic friends or from lovers is impossible to say. The names linked with hers do not belong to men renowned for great virtue. Yet rumor may have been harsh and what assistance she did receive may have been given to tide her over until such time as she would make some decision concerning her future.

Though never in real penury, Lillie's life was now precarious. The ability to grasp the possibilities of any situation enabled her to see the dangers of such insecurity. Marriage was out of the question, for not only did divorce in the '80s mean complete social ostracism, but for her it was utterly impossible, as the laws of Jersey permit no divorce.

A period of drifting, this. Of vague indecision; of spurts of gayety alternating with a restless desire to find a way back to the spotlight of popularity. The stage beckoned as the best field of action. But the stage in Victorian London meant loss of caste. At the moment Lillie had little to lose, yet some latent snobbishness impeded her. With all her beauty, energy, and wit, Lillie was drifting toward the ranks of the lesser courtesans.

The enterprise of a woman—a stranger with an eye on Lillie as an investment—saved her from this fate. Saved and made her. For through this woman Lillie won the forum of the stage, a position which was to serve her well for the rest of her days.

Henrietta Hodson's rôle in Lillie's life is unique.

The wife of Henry Labouchère, stormy petrel of the House of Commons, Henrietta before her marriage had been an actress of some note. She remained a passionate lover of the stage. A mixture of business acumen, leavened by boredom with her own inactive life, prompted her to seek Lillie out.

Their first meeting was momentous.

"I hear you want to go on the stage," said Henrietta with brisk energy. "So I thought you would like to try your abilities in an amateur theatrical performance, for which I will coach you. I am organizing a charity fête at Twickenham."

"But I have no intention of becoming an actress," snapped Lillie, antagonistic already to the sturdy, dominant little woman, who with her short-cropped gray curls defied all fashions.

Henrietta eyed the famous beauty calmly.

"Indeed," she said. "You could earn money on the stage. And in any case it won't hurt you to come and act at my fête. We have a charming villa on the Thames. You will be so much more comfortable than in these rooms."

LILLIE capitulated.

Did Henrietta's mothering appeal to her and, backed by her own pride and ambition, give her the necessary determination to make a bid for independence? The mothering she later found irksome, and her final parting with Henrietta was none too friendly. But for the time being she was happy to be installed in the villa at Twickenham, the former home of the poet Pope.

Labouchère, smiling and sarcastic, watched Lillie's wooden efforts to act the part in which his wife was coaching her with grim and unflagging zeal.

"She can't act, she can't write, she can't do housework. What can she do?" jeered Labouchère, when his wife discussed Lillie's financial quandaries.

But Henrietta, the childless ex-actress, aflame with the desire to give birth to a stage star, goaded Lillie on. For a fortnight she whipped her pupil into incessant rehearsal of the twenty-minute dialogue in which they were to appear. And on the night of the performance,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Lafayette, Ltd., photo

The Lily in the early years of her stage success.

W. & D. Downey photo

With her dog Clinker. The tiara she wears figured later in the sensational theft of her jewels.

[THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page thirty-seven]

when the curtain rose, Lillie succumbed to stage fright! Dauntless and determined, Henrietta rose to the emergency, prompting again and again till the débutante regained her composure and went through with the scene.

P. & A. photo

Lillie vowed she would never, never attempt another appearance. But Lillie's determination was as a childish caprice compared to Henrietta's. Within twenty-four hours Henrietta had her rehearsing again, this time for a serious part—that of Kate Hardcastle in She Stoops to Conquer.

Browbeaten and subdued for the only time in her life, Lillie's ability to take pains finally brought her some reward. Natural talent she had none. Bit by bit her stiffness began to wear off; her voice, charming in itself, began to obey her volition, as the difficult art of controlled inflection was mastered.

WITH her beauty as her chief asset Henrietta's foster child was now decently ready for the stage. A matinée for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund was being given at the Haymarket Theater. At this function, always an important social event in London, Lillie would appear in the rôle of Kate Hardcastle with a company of distinguished stage luminaries.

Sarony photo

The Lily in her period of splendor as a New Yorker. Above is her house on West Twenty-third Street, and at the right is a closer view of its front door.

A brilliant audience assembled on the day. Lillie's appearance—the only amateur in a company of professionals—set tongues wagging. Here was a spicy event! It became spicier still when all the intimate coterie of the Prince of Wales was found to be present.

The murmurs swell; common folk in the pit and gallery titter; everyone is agog. Royalty is expected.

A sudden lull, and the audience rises as the strains of the national anthem float from the orchestra. Into the royal box steps the lovely Princess of Wales. Behind her looms the bulky figure of the Prince.

Lady X nudges her friend.

"Handsome of him to come," she whispers.

The other shrugs her shoulders. "They come every year. Clever of the Lily to make this her first appearance."

"They say she's going on the stage if she makes a hit."

"Rubbish," sneers the cynic. "It's all fixed already. She has an engagement with the Bancrofts."

"She won't be able to go to Court any more when she is an actress," comments Lady X.

"She can't go anyhow," hisses the other as the curtain rises.

At the end there are many bouquets, and the democratic parts of the house give Lillie great applause.

Lillie's acting was abominable, so Lady X and others who were present say. But—many things can be arranged. Lillie was popular with the crowds; the audacity of the ice escapade, which they accepted as fact, appealed to them. Something had to be done about Lillie. So the press carried lenient criticisms of her mediocre performance. Especially encouraging was that written for the Times by a certain Abraham Heyward, inveterate snob and drawing-room diplomat: "The enthusiastic applause which greeted Mrs. Langtry on her entrance must be regarded as the willing, eager homage to far-famed beauty, as well as a cordial welcome to the débutante."

P. & A. photo

THE die was cast. In fact, it was cast two weeks before the performance. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, later Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, both excellent business people, had already engaged Lillie, realizing the commercial value upon the stage of such famed looks as hers. The début was uneventful, for the training Lillie had in facing crowds saved her from those agonies of uncertainty and bashfulness suffered by other stage novices.

An entirely new life for Lillie begins. There is work to do now. Playtime is over. She sees those who remain of her former friends but seldom. In the morning, instead of a ride in the Row, there are rehearsals. No dining at eight, preceded by a leisurely toilet, these days. Lillie dines at five; then the theater. But some compensations there are. There come, to sit with her during her dinner, friends old and new.

"A gentleman to see you," announces the maid. Lillie is delighted, for today she is dining alone. In the doorway stands her guest, shabby, white-haired, his arms filled with books. It is Gladstone, the hated Liberal Prime Minister.

They have met before at the studio of Millais, but his visit today is a pleasant surprise.

"I heard of your venture, and I wish you all success," says Gladstone gravely. "It may help you if I should sometimes read you passages from the greatest of all playwrights," and he opens a volume he has brought. He reads whole scenes from his beloved Shakespeare; he explains. He talks with Lillie on many subjects, drawing on his wonderful storehouse of knowledge. All her life she will be passionately grateful and devoted to his memory for his interest and faith in her.

He comes again and again, dropping in for a few

moments of spare time, bringing with him words of cheer and advice. Visits which are to be grossly misinterpreted many years later when Gladstone is dead.

Lillie often needs the counsel he brings her. She is trying hard to become independent, and that, in the 1880s, is a task of great magnitude. Her past, and her present occupation, lay her open to every kind of attack. Gladstone, a truly charitable Christian, has a shrewd human wisdom interwoven with his Christian ideals.

"In your professional career," he tells Lillie, "you will receive attacks, personal and critical, just and unjust. Bear them, never reply, and, above all, never rush into print to explain or defend yourself." The words sink in. Lillie accepts them and makes them a rule of life. Never once will she deviate from this rule.

The engagement with the Bancrofts lasted three months. Lillie appeared as the heroine in Ours, a clumsy and uninteresting comedy by Tom Robinson—an author long since forgotten. In the cast with her was Arthur Pinero, later to advance to the front rank of British playwrights.

Henrietta, vigilant trainer and impresario, soon judged her protegée's success great enough to warrant further developments. Stage experience was what Lillie now needed, so a provincial tour was planned. Financial backing had been found and Lillie would be independent of managers. She would have her own company.

FROM this time on, Lillie never appeared except under her own management. Her latent business abilities developed amazingly in time, and "Don't let us fuss" became her watchword—a truly remarkable one in a day when the business woman was unknown and the average female a thing of sighs and simpers. "A Napoleonic genius for detail" is a trait of her character admired by her business manager, Edward Michael. She had also "a gift for mental arithmetic" which he says he never saw equaled. Mr. Michael had ample opportunity to judge of this, for his association with Lillie covered the years when her exchequer carried large sums of money used for theatrical productions and for her racing stables.

Lillie certainly had brains as well as looks. The most amusing story about her intelligence is one she often told—for she had humor enough to tell a story against herself. On one of her provincial tours she acquired a country maid. Conscientiously the girl was giving Lillie's hair the hundred nightly strokes.

"You've a large 'ead, ma'am," commented the girl, brushing vigorously. "That means you 'ave a large brain, and a large brain is the most useful thing you can 'ave, for it nourishes the roots of the 'air."

Lillie's first provincial tour was extremely successful. Among her rôles was that of Rosalind in As You Like It, a favorite part with her and the first one into which she threw herself whole-heartedly. On this tour she so conquered the hearts of Manchester folk—great theater-goers, especially the mill girls—that she was to remain a favorite there for thirty years. But Belfast, Edward Langtry's home city, provided her with a less pleasant experience. The Langtry family was well known and respected in Belfast and there were many who thoroughly disapproved of Lillie's treatment of her husband.

Rumors of unpleasantness reached her management. Lillie, who, from the beginning, always knew everything that was said in her theater, heard them also.

The curtain is due to go up, and the audience is restless. Henrietta too is restless, and somewhat frightened. Lillie summons her. She is perfectly calm. She reasons with Henrietta.

"Well, and what of it? Let them boo. They'll soon get tired. After all, they've paid for their seats, and they'll want to see part of the play, anyhow."

The curtain rises, and yells and catcalls greet Lillie when she appears. There is worse to come. Pheasants, hares, and other game in a state of unbearable ripeness are hurled upon the stage. The actors continue doggedly. In the end Lillie wins, as the supplies of the interrupters give out. But it will be many years before Lillie will visit Belfast again.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You're the Man we want

This 7-day test of a remarkable shaving cream will win you as it has won millions. We take the gamble—you send the coupon.

GENTLEMEN:

Millions of men have flocked to Palmolive Shaving Cream during the last few years. Most of these men were wedded to rival preparations. We won them over by offering a test at our expense.

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a unique creation. We made it to fill the requirements of 1000 men who named their supreme desires in a shaving cream.

60 years of soap study behind it—we are the makers of Palmolive, the world's leading toilet soap, as you know.

We believe you will find it different in five ways from your present favorite—soap, cream or powder. We'll esteem it a courtesy if you will accept a 7-day tube to try.

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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

5054

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7 SHAVES FREE

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[THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page thirty-nine]

On the tour Henrietta Hodson wins laurels as a manager. By cable she has summoned the great Henry E. Abbey from the United States. He arrives and is conquered. Lillie, he feels sure, is a good bet. Henrietta emerges from conclave with Abbey triumphant. A contract is signed—and oh, peak of success, Lillie will receive the same percentage that Sarah Bernhardt received during the previous season!

Courtesy of J. Cooper

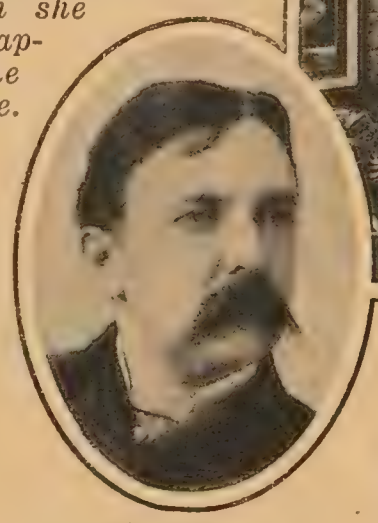
Frank Miles' portrait of the Lily as Hester Grazebrook, the part in which she made her first appearance on the American stage.

But Henrietta has an even greater asset than Sarah's manager. Lillie has a winsome cajolery which few men can resist, and this Henrietta brings into play. She arranges a tête-à-tête for the star and the producer. "Get an increase," she whispers to her pupil. Lillie gets Abbey to raise the percentage, and tells people what a "great gentleman" he is.

So the agreement was made. Lillie would make her début in New York just a year after her first bow to the London public.

The idea of this trip did not appeal to Lillie at all. America seemed infinitely remote, and the prospect of adventuring into a strange land with no friends, save the dominant Henrietta, terrified her.

The realities of the voyage itself proved bad enough. She found that Henrietta was a chronic sufferer on the sea, and that the ship was infested with numerous and impertinent rats. These long-tailed pets took drinks of water from the washbowl and devoured Lillie's slippers. Such was her first transatlantic voyage—a sixteen-day one on the Arizona, an ocean greyhound of the day.



Sarony photo

Henry E. Abbey.

THE New York which Lillie beheld resembled the city as we know it as little as Leningrad resembles New York. Yet it thrilled her as it thrills every newcomer with its magnificent sweep of harbor and the fantastic unreality of man-made peaks and ravines.

Slightly awed by the scene, with buildings even then so much higher than those of London, Lillie stood on deck, bracing herself for her meeting with the reporters. A new country to conquer, and one, she realized clearly, which she must conquer on her own merits.

A tug comes alongside. "My goodness!" exclaims Henrietta; "there's Mr. Abbey with an army of reporters."

Lillie is watching the tug. Suddenly her gay laughter rings out. "Oh, look, there's Oscar Wilde with a whole bunch of lilies instead of the usual one! Now I know there's money to be made here!"

The strain is broken. Comedy has cured Lillie of her nervousness. Gayly she replies to the questions showered upon her by the newspaper men. The report goes out that she has a charming and winsome manner. She has made her first goal.

At the customs office she does not imitate her friend Wilde, who, arriving for a lecture tour shortly before Lillie, met the usual question, "Anything to declare?" with this answer: "Nothing but my genius."

Lillie leaves her publicity campaign to the able Mr. Abbey. She has a few days for rehearsals before her appearance at Abbey's Theater. She makes use of them to study the city.

New York amazed her—a New York with Madison Square as the fashionable center; with the Albemarle Hotel representing luxury unknown to Europe; with Fifth Avenue badly paved, yet Delmonico's filled with ladies so well dressed that Lillie, with all her European chic, felt dowdy.

Perhaps, too, the snub she received from a leader of New York society made her feel less brilliant than usual. Rumor has it that Lillie spied Mrs. Paran Stevens, and went over to her table.

"We met at your daughter's house in London," purred Lillie. "I am Mrs. Langtry."

"You are mistaken," said Mrs. Stevens. "I am quite certain my daughter does not know Mrs. Langtry."

There was, however, plenty of curious interest in Lillie.

A CLEVER auction of tickets for the first night, arranged by Abbey and a member of the New York Stock Exchange who acted as auctioneer, netted $20,000. But the greatest advertisement was yet to come.

At five o'clock on the day of her first appearance Lillie had her usual evening meal with Henrietta. They were finishing when a friend burst into the room.

Wallack's Theater in the later 1880s.

"The theater is on fire!" he cried.

From the window Lillie and her companions could see the colossal blaze and the enormous crowds watching it from the street.

An awesome moment, this. An omen of evil, most surely. Poor Henrietta chokes back her tears as she holds Lillie's hand.

High over the roof, on iron standards, swings a sign bearing Lillie's name. It is above the flames. Upon it her gaze is fastened. She feels that if it remains there in defiance of the flames, all will be well. She voices her thought aloud; her words still hang in the air when the sign begins to keel over. But Lillie, secure in her youth and beauty, rallies.

"Even if it burns," she cries, "I will succeed!"

Strangely enough, the sign remained hanging to a standard.

This was the first of an amazing number of fires in which Lillie was involved during her theatrical career. The blaze which consumed Abbey's Theater provided a marvelous if expensive item of publicity.

A week later, though scenery and costumes had been completely destroyed, Lillie made her American début at Wallack's Theater in the part of Hester Grazebrook in An Unequal Match. In this sentimental comedy by

Tom Taylor, the dairymaid heroine, after marrying a baronet, becomes a polished woman of the world and recaptures the roving affections of her noble spouse.

Lillie scored a success. The ground had been well prepared by much publicity, and it was chiefly a success of curiosity. Her romantic rise to fame, her rôle in London gossip, and the endless reiteration concerning her charms made her an object of wonder. The critics were none too kind, and finding her merits as an actress almost negligible, they remarked the other causes of her attraction for the public.

During her second season in New York a well known critic wrote thus of her début:

"When first Mrs. Langtry came here she aroused interest as a novelty, as a curiosity, as the reputed possessor of extraordinary beauty, as a bold, ambitious, perhaps audacious amateur."

SOME even disputed her beauty. "Wonderful, symmetrical shoulders the Lily has, large and limpid eyes, and a sweet voice, and it may be justly said a classic face. But she is not beautiful." Such was the opinion of certain newspaper critics, for already, in the '80s, vivacity was an essential part of beauty according to American standards.

Drawing power Lillie had, but how long would it last when she ceased to be a novelty? That was the problem. In the meantime she inspired admiration and devotion in the breast of more than one rich young man. Encouraged by the astute Henrietta, Lillie was nothing loath to reap while the sun shone.

Jewels, curiously enough, the Jersey Lily lacked—she had none save a few modest trinkets. This fact shocked Henrietta into exclaiming, "What—you, the sensation of three London seasons, have got no jewelry?"

Lillie was well aware of the deficiency. Tiffany's had already attracted her eye. The idea of owning some of the treasures she beheld appealed to her. Paying for them herself, however, was not in the program.

"I'm going out to get myself some jewels," she said to Henrietta one morning, as she drew on her gloves. "And I don't intend to pay for them, either," she added.

"Who is the victim?" Henrietta queried.

Lillie went off laughing.

One of New York's richest young bachelors escorted her on her morning stroll. Lillie saw to it that the stroll led past Tiffany's.

She was so entranced by the display in the window that she was taken inside to view some of the more precious treasures. Her admiration was discreet and most impersonal. One particular piece, however, roused her enthusiasm, and to this her glance returned again and again. But the careful hint from her escort that the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you bring two delightful acquaintances together and find they divorced each other five years ago . . . *be nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.

boys! . . . get all your sporting equipment free!

Philip Nice, one of our energetic Ohio Liberty Boy Salesmen.

Don't delay! Send the coupon below at once and let us show you how you can get all of your basketball equipment, gym outfits, hockey and other sporting goods free! We will also show you how you can earn money every week, in your spare time, right in your own neighborhood. No experience needed. Send the coupon below and we will send you our Big Catalog of Free Prizes and full details. Fill in the coupon below and mail it to us right now! Don't delay!

12-28-29

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

[THE JERSEY LILY Continued from page forty-one]

jewel should serve as a souvenir met with a polite rebuff.

At home Lillie answered Henrietta's queries with an enigmatic smile. Very soon a messenger arrived bearing a large bouquet, a note, and a small package. Lillie handed the note to Henrietta. It was the usual blurb of sentiment:

"I beg of you to wear this trifle . . . it will give the donor such pleasure . . ." etc., etc.

The package contained the jewel which Lillie had so admired at Tiffany's. Needless to say, it was accepted, and neither Lillie nor Henrietta thought anything of the crude vulgarity of the whole episode.

The victim was Frederick Gebhard.

"Freddy," as he was called by those who knew him—and those who didn't—was well endowed with cash. From his father, a wealthy New York merchant, he had inherited enough millions to give him, so it was said, an income of $80,000 a year. Freddy himself toiled not, unless at his patronage of the theater and racing. He was known as New York's greatest boulevardier.

Whether Lillie intended from the beginning to land this rich young man, or whether a flirtation, begun in play, developed into a real attachment on her side as well as on his, is a fine point.

In any case, when Lillie started with Henrietta and her company on her provincial tour, she was escorted by Mr. Gebhard.

The press commented openly upon this relationship, which was to last, with intervals, for nearly nine years. A correspondent from Washington was so frank that a libel action might have arisen had Lillie been in a position to start one. He wrote: "Freddy with Mrs. Langtry is simply a convenience. He is devoted; he is handy to have around; he furnishes her horses; he is always ready to serve her; he walks with her; he sits with her; he is her company. If he makes her presents of costly gems and squanders his great fortune on her, it is none of my business, for she is not robbing me. If she and he are satisfied, and the neglected Mr. Langtry does not complain, what business is it of ours?"

APPARENTLY what the newspapers said affected Lillie not at all. Henrietta, however, took a different point of view. So long as her protegée flirted and accepted jewelry without becoming notorious, all was well. But this publicity was an entirely different matter, and she feared it might injure Lillie's career as an actress. Here she was mistaken. Lillie's receipts in the theater continued more than satisfactory. But they could not cover such extravagance as she now desired. So Henrietta and Lillie quarreled, and Henrietta went sadly back to England.

Lillie then persuaded her sister-in-law, Agnes Langtry, to come to the States and act as chaperon. Miss Langtry knew nothing of Freddy Gebhard. By the time the party reached Niagara she was wise to the situation, and so indignant that she escaped to the Canadian side of the falls and failed to return. Whereupon Lillie refused, so it is said, to send the girl her luggage.

Lillie found America much to her taste.

Abbey was induced to release her from a contract which necessitated her return to London.

A red brick house on West Twenty-third Street—then a fashionable thoroughfare—was soon purchased and became her New York home.

Smart carriages and beautiful horses stood at the door.

Her dresses, furs, and jewels became the talk of the town.

THE final touch was added when one of the most luxurious private railway coaches ever built was completed for Lillie.

The Lalee, she called it, appropriately enough, *lalee* being an Indian word for flirt.

Seventy-five feet long, of a bright blue color, ornamented with lilies of shining brass, and with polished teakwood platforms, this monster coach contained ten rooms.

The salon, boasting a full-sized piano, was a gorgeous symphony of cream-and-green Lyons brocade. The bedroom billowed with pink silk hangings trimmed with priceless Brussels lace.

In the bathroom the fittings were real silver. Guest rooms, maid's room complete with sewing machine, a kitchen with gigantic refrigerators, pantries and servants' quarters—these made up a traveling hotel which more than once was in danger of falling through antiquated bridges.

All this magnificence was destined to perish by fire some years later, but not before Lillie had traveled the length and breadth of America in it.

Lillie was well provided for in this new country she had so dreaded.

Another woman with an admirer as generous as Freddy Gebhard might have quit the stage.

Not Lillie.

Just as she had known when it was best to leave London, so now she had the wisdom not to leave the stage.

Who could say with precision what sums were brought in by a successful theatrical production?

Suspicion and gossip there were in plenty, but these are not evidence.

So long as Lillie remained on the stage, no one could definitely state that her income was augmented by Mr. Gebhard's checkbook. Lillie might scatter and spend at will the millions of a foolish young lover, but where another would have been dubbed "kept woman" she successfully remained "Mrs. Langtry, the actress."

The stage was proving an excellent alibi.

In next week's installment Princess Kropotkin will tell of the Texans who named their town Langtry, of the Lily's ranching experience in California, and of the coming of a spendthrift Scotchman into her life.

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—*not merely stamps.*

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 31

1—Paris.
2—Hamlet.
3—Seventeen hundred and twenty-eight.
4—Brazil.
5—End of the century.
6—The Ægean Sea.
7—Grover Cleveland.
8—Jacques Offenbach.
9—A Portuguese navigator of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.
10—One who believes that pleasure is the sole or chief good in life.
11—Greece and Persia.
12—Thomas Jefferson.
13—Great Britain.
14—The Indian words *missi*, great, and *sepe*, water.
15—Crossing the Bar, by Alfred Tennyson.
16—One who talks in his sleep.
17—That in which the principal character is a rogue or scamp.
18—Narcissus.
19—Six hundred and sixty.
20—Othello.

A Good Little Feature

A Short Short Story

By

M. C. BLACKMAN

who works on the Arkansas Gazette, Little Rock, Ark., and has worked on other newspapers in Detroit and Paris, and in Louisiana, where he was born and where he attended the State University. His first short story, which was published in Harpers, is in the O. Henry Memorial collection for 1923.

HE was a shabby little old man, but his shabbiness was that of the country worker rather than the city poor. It was obvious that he had never been in a police station before.

"Do you want to make bond?" the desk sergeant asked.

"I dunno," he quavered, and it was plain that he did not understand what a bond was.

"You can put up one hundred dollars cash to guarantee your appearance in court tomorrow morning," the sergeant explained.

"That's a heap of money," the prisoner protested.

"You can telephone someone to come down and make your bond."

"Don't know nobody."

"I'll have to lock you up, then." The sergeant turned to a patrolman. "Search him and take him downstairs."

The prisoner did not like the idea of being searched, and when the officer discovered and removed a cotton bag pinned beneath his shirt, he protested volubly.

"Gimme back that, now. That's mine. You hain't no right to take it. You're arobbin' me, and I won't stand fer it."

The desk sergeant gasped. "Say, old man, don't you know it's dangerous to carry all that money with you?"

At these words a young man sitting in one corner of the cage threw aside his magazine, arose, and strolled up to the desk.

"How much dough has he got, sergeant?"

The officer pointed to a pile of bills he had removed from the cotton bag. "Must be at least five thousand dollars," he estimated.

"It's fifty-five hundred there," the prisoner corrected. "Silas Jones paid me that for my farm when me and ma decided to move to town. Silas can tell you the same, and I'll thank you to give it back to me."

The police reporter for the Riverton Evening Star was interested. He read aloud from the docket: "'Henry Tucker, nine one six Tenth Street, petty larceny.' What'd he steal, sergeant?"

"About seventy cents' worth of groceries from that chain store at the corner of Tenth and Cherry streets."

"With all that money in his pockets!" the reporter marveled.

His shabbiness was that of the country. It was obvious that he had never been in a police station before.

"'T ain't so!" the prisoner shrilled indignantly. "I warn't tryin' t' get away, like they said. I was lookin' fer the feller in charge of that crazy store. I never stole nothin' in my life."

The reporter laughed. "He's probably telling the truth."

"Listen, old man," said the sergeant. "There's no need for you staying in jail when you have money to make bond." Very carefully and patiently he explained the nature of a bond, and finally the prisoner was made to understand that his $100 would be returned to him after his case had been heard in court.

"And do I get the rest of my money back now?" the prisoner asked.

"Yes, but you better take it to a bank before somebody robs you."

"I been aimin' to, but me and ma just got here and I hain't had time t' pick me out a good bank."

The little old man pinned his money under his shirt again and departed. The reporter looked at the clock.

"Almost time for the edition," he said. "Guess I'll drag into the office."

"Wait a minute, Charlie," the sergeant called. He followed the reporter to the door. "I wouldn't print anything about this, if I were you."

"Why not? It's a good little feature."

"If you publish that story the old man will be robbed of his life savings before morning."

The reporter hesitated. "Guess you're right, sergeant," he agreed reluctantly, "but I hate to lay off. I could have made a good funny story out of him. However, I don't want to get the old man robbed."

Nevertheless, the final edition of the Evening Star carried the story on the front page under a two-column head. And, as the reporter suggested, it was a good little feature. He had made the most of his material, treating the incident humorously but sympathetically.

"WELL, how'd you like my story, sergeant?" the reporter asked on the following morning. "Wasn't it a good one?"

"Yes," the officer agreed unsmilingly, "it was a good story. But you promised me you wouldn't use it."

The reporter chuckled. "Well, I haven't seen the morning sheet, but I'll bet a buck our country friend wasn't robbed last night."

"No. He wasn't robbed."

"I thought not." The reporter was well pleased with himself. "You see, I followed the old man out of here, took him to a bank, and saw him deposit his fifty-four hundred. After that—" Something in the officer's face stopped him. "Why, what's wrong, sergeant?"

"You should have mentioned the bank deposit in your story," the sergeant said in a tired voice. "Henry Tucker was murdered in front of his home last night. We found his bank book in the gutter."

THE END

Vox

It May Be Christmas for Some, but for Mr. Springs—

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—It has never been my ambition to write short short stories, but after reading "1917," by Elliott White Springs, I have come to the conclusion that if that kind of bunk can find a place between the covers of your otherwise good magazine, then my future is assured.—*Harry J. Coco.*

CALGARY, CAN.—Previous to reading "1917" I had always enjoyed stories by its author, but when Elliott White Springs one on you like that and gets away with it—!!

I can imagine Mr. Springs sitting down before breakfast for five minutes, perpetrating this bald, pointless narrative of nothing, and saying softly to himself: "Come to papa, century."—*Cecil A. Gee.*

QUEBEC, CAN.—Have just read the short short story, "1917," and say, why don't you print stories we can all understand, without groping all the way through for the idea?—*Barney B.*

LINCOLN, NEB.—When I first read "1917" I resolved to have a try for a $100 myself. Then I looked at the author's name and saw you had paid $100 not for the use of the 1,000-word story, but for the use of just three words: Elliott White Springs.—*Young Author.*

OTTUMWA, IOWA—I just read Springs' short short story, "1917." Remarkable! What, the story? No—the editor's lack of judgment.—*K. O. O'Henry.*

KANSAS CITY, KAN.—Tried reading "1917." Began at the beginning and read to the end. It didn't make sense. Then I began at the end and read backwards to the beginning, and found I was on the right trail. Got a hunch that if I try again and skip every other word I can see through it just like a pane of glass.—*F. Blodgett.*

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Short short story, "1917," by Elliott White Springs—positively rotten. What a story! Yeah, what was it? I've gone nearly insane trying to dope it out, but I have been only able to come to one conclusion: evidently if you have a "name" the editor will accept anything.—*Neil A. Simmons.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—About that short short story, "1917." Too bad it wasn't a shorter short short story. Much shorter. Say about ten words.—*Old-Timer.*

Same to You, Old Crapehanger

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Give us some stories of the good old days. Throw your stories of the jazz age over a cliff.

Thirty years ago eggs were ten cents a dozen, butter fifteen cents a pound, and milk twenty cents a gallon. The butcher gave away liver and treated the kids to bologna. The hired girl (of whom there were plenty) received two dollars a week and did the washing. Women did not yet powder or paint (in public), smoke, vote, play poker, shake the shimmie, and get divorced about once every year.

Men wore whiskers and boots, chewed tobacco, spit on the sidewalk, and cussed. Beer was five cents a glass, and men lived on free lunch. Laborers worked ten hours a day, and didn't strike. No tips were given to waiters and the hat-check grafter was unknown. A kerosene hanging lamp in the parlor was a luxury.

No one was operated on for appendicitis or bought monkey glands. Everybody walked to work and no one broke his neck in a flivver. Folks lived to a good old age and were happy.

Today there are lots of diseases never heard of before. Everybody rides in automobiles or flies, plays golf, shoots craps, plays the piano with the feet, goes to the movies nightly, smokes cigarettes, drinks corn juice. One never goes to bed the same day he gets up, and about once a week one is arrested for speeding.

Yet people think they are having a hell of a time.

If you think life is worth living, I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.—*S. H. Chisholm.*

Wise Crack

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Quoting from General Mitchell's article in your November 30 issue:

"Pilots and passengers are seldom killed in airplanes when they are in flight. It is usually when they hit the ground too hard that fatalities occur."

Surely the general didn't figure that out by himself. Somebody must have told him!—*J. B.*

Honi Soit

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In a recent issue you described Mabel McElliott Clarke as a woman "whose present is given mostly to her children." Mrs. Clarke, her children, and (what may be unbelievable) the decent people who read Liberty would be better off if Mrs. Clarke would devote *all* her present to her children and keep such trash (to be euphemistical and charitable) as "The Death of the Swan" within her imagination.—"*Browny.*"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—That was a true-to-life story—that one called "The Death of the Swan." There's Broadway or Hollywood fame for you: your name in electric lights one year, and the next year you're forgotten, or dead.—*Sue.*

"Business and Middle-Aged Women"

DALLAS, TEX.—There should have been two sides to your article, "Business and Middle-Aged Women." Princess Catherine Radziwill presented only one side.

Nature has favored us with many useful and novel gifts, but to date we have no record of a man who wants to be closely associated with a middle-aged woman.

The middle-aged woman has only herself to blame for this distressing fact. The experience they have gained by the time they reach forty or fifty years of age has a tendency to make them domineering. I speak from my own knowledge of the business world.

A middle-aged woman in an office is quite often a self-appointed spy. They report every trivial thing to the employer with the hope of establishing a record for attending strictly to business.

I now have charge of a large apartment house, and the greatest trouble I have is that the old people lose their door keys every day. How is that for efficiency?—*Nell Whiting, Thirty-five-year-old Flapper.*

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Permit me to thank you for publishing the article, "Business and Middle-Aged Women," by Princess Radziwill.

That this is an acute condition I know because I am one of them who has had almost thirty years of active business life, and in spite of acknowledged success in my line of work I have been unsuccessful in finding a position for over two years, which, for one who is dependent on her own resources, is nothing short of tragic.

Experience is one of the vital requirements, yet the years of work which bring with them that very thing are made a fatal handicap.

Your article, in such a widely read magazine, should be helpful in rousing some of the unthinking employers of women to the folly of what is really a great economic waste, and we who are the worse for their possibly unconscious cruelty are deeply in your debt.—*A. G. Morrell.*

As Others See Us

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I wish to submit nine good reasons why I buy Liberty:

1. I can read it in bed.
2. I can turn to Vox Pop pages and find out what is right and wrong with it.
3. It has a snappy editorial staff.
4. It has a peppy bunch of authors.
5. Size of magazine good.
6. Type and pictures plain.
7. Good sport news.
8. Plenty of murders.
9. It is worth five cents of any John Gump's money.—*H. H. Hough.*

Pop

Very Distinguished

CHEYENNE, WYO.—I have given a great deal of study to your editorial, "Heredity or Environment?" and since it is apparent that you believe heredity is stronger than environment, I challenge you to substantiate your claim.

I am a descendant of that great statesman, Henry Clay, on my father's side, and of Lord Goff of London on my mother's side. In later generations of both these families, there have been many notables.

Agnes Davis, the winner of the National Atwater Audition Contest a few years ago, is a first cousin of mine, as is Virginia Boswell, a dancer on the Pantages Circuit; my great-grandfather Gruber was one of three owners of the old Denver mint; my mother was a graduate pharmacist and my father a retired army officer.

Other families on our tree have to their credit surgeons, lawyers, musicians, singers, and artists, and I do not mean to be outdone by them. Although I was educated to be a dancer, delicate health forced me to abandon the strenuous hours of physical exercise and seek a new route to fame.—*Elsie Margaret Camplin.*

You Might Say It Anyway

PERRYVILLE, MO.—I see in the issue of November 30 where there will be a story next week named "Honeymoon" by the author of "Kept."

If the old girl, Viña, gets as many love letters on this one in Vox Pop as she did on "Kept," I'd say she is a famous woman. Lovingly—*Dot.*

Voice from Canada

TORONTO, CAN.—Maurice Cohen, who attempted to criticize Colonel Palmer's articles, "How They Drink in Canada," either lives in an asylum or was full of hooch when he stated: "The truth is that the liquor trade is Canada's chief source of revenue, and she is demoralizing and injuring a good portion of her best man power."

In the first place, liquor is not the chief source of revenue in Canada. In our own province the revenue from liquor is not as big as the revenue from the gasoline tax or a dozen other sources.

When it comes to demoralizing and injuring a good portion of her best man power, there have been no deaths from poison liquor in this province since the introduction of the Liquor Control Act.

We don't go looking for a bootlegger and, when we find him, treat him as if he were doing us a favor by selling us a drink. There are some, but very few, cases of men drinking more than they can properly afford and making their families go without food and clothing so that they can buy more liquor (and cases of this kind are getting fewer, as it is possible for a man's wife to apply to the Liquor Board and have her husband's permit canceled if she can show that he is drinking more than he can afford).

And, last but by no means least, when we want a drink we go into a store and get it, then take it home and drink it, without the necessity of feeling like a burglar stealing the kid's bank.

Maurice Cohen says, "Why doesn't he sum up for your readers the benefits of prohibition in this country?" Go ahead, Colonel—sum 'em up! Tell them about the poor ignorant immigrant who could only speak three or four words of the English language when he came to the U. S. two years ago, who can now say, "It's right off the boat," and has three Packards and a $20,000 house and can bump off a competitor and get away with it.

"Benefits of prohibition"? Bah!—*J. R. Mansfield.*

Too Late. Marianthe's Gone

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—A few words to your cover artist, Mr. Thrasher, and the world in general about this Marianthe.

Judging from our limner's conception of a sexy-looking femme one would say he knew as much about the world, the flesh (especially the flesh), and the devil as the anæmic Sandy. Marianthe has all the appealing femininity, allure, and abandon of a soup bone.

Might I suggest that Thrashie give her some setting-up exercises to develop her spindly shanks; that he throw her a large-sized piece of raw meat to eliminate the lean and hungry look in her eyes; that he take her to a good plastic surgeon and have that underslung jaw of hers fixed up; and that he talk to her severely about the way she does her hair?

After that, Lil may have something to worry about.—*Vox Mommer.*

Must You Be Refined?

DONNA, TEX.—The tears *will* come when I see how low you've fallen. Vulgarian! Take that nasty Bert Green stuff out and let your refined readers have more of your short stories.—*Crossword Puzzler.*

Well, They Do Say a Stadium Is a Nice Place to Read

SIDELL, ILL.—Your appeal to some people is past all understanding.

When it comes to such a condition that a man will travel all the way from the Buckeye state to Champaign, Illinois, to sit in that great Memorial Stadium with 69,000 others from all over the country, and to use the Army-Illinois football game as the occasion and opportunity to read "The Rake and the Hussy," along with some of the other literature (?) found between your covers, I should say that you can safely proclaim to the world: "I have arrived."—*An Illini Halfback of the Gay Nineties.*

Just a Couple of Beach Nuts

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Whoopee! Hooray! Tra la la! Who said Rex Beach was a summer resort? Where was Rexie all my life?

Will you be kind enough to have him wire me, collect, the name of his golf pal? Why? Because, when his pal fires his tight-waisted, hip-harnessed, long-sleeved, bustled, pompadoured, aspirin addicts from his office I crave one of those jobs.

The only time I creak is when I get in in the wee hours of the A. M. (and then it's those bum wooden floors builders supply in the modern apartments). I wear my skirts high from the floor and my waists low from the neck. I never intend letting my hair grow. My waistline is as broad as the Woolworth Building is high and my neck is free and open for somebody's son to shine on it.

Do I qualify for the job?—*Bessie Kap.*

NASHVILLE, TENN.—In "Why Men Hate Women," story-teller Rex Beach proved that he is just another golfer. He was in the rough from the title to the tag-line.—*J. L. B.*

Aw, You Ask Her

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Liberty is the perfect narcotic. I stagger to the train after a convulsion in the stock market—and bubble over with joy if there is a new issue on the stand. You may be infantile, lowbrow, and vulgarly sensational, but, thank God, you are always interesting.

There are plenty of staid magazines to remind us that Life is a grim and formidable thing. You sound the keynote of joyous, reckless living. You deal in illusion—not truth—and, while one can't respect you, it is very easy to love you.

Don't be offended. Ask any woman whether she would rather be respected or loved.—*Clarence Broadgate.*

And That's That

MOBILE, ALA.—Among the few caustic remarks on R. W. Chambers' "The Rake and the Hussy" is one from R. Roberts of Denver, Colorado, branding the story as fiction with no possible base whatsoever.

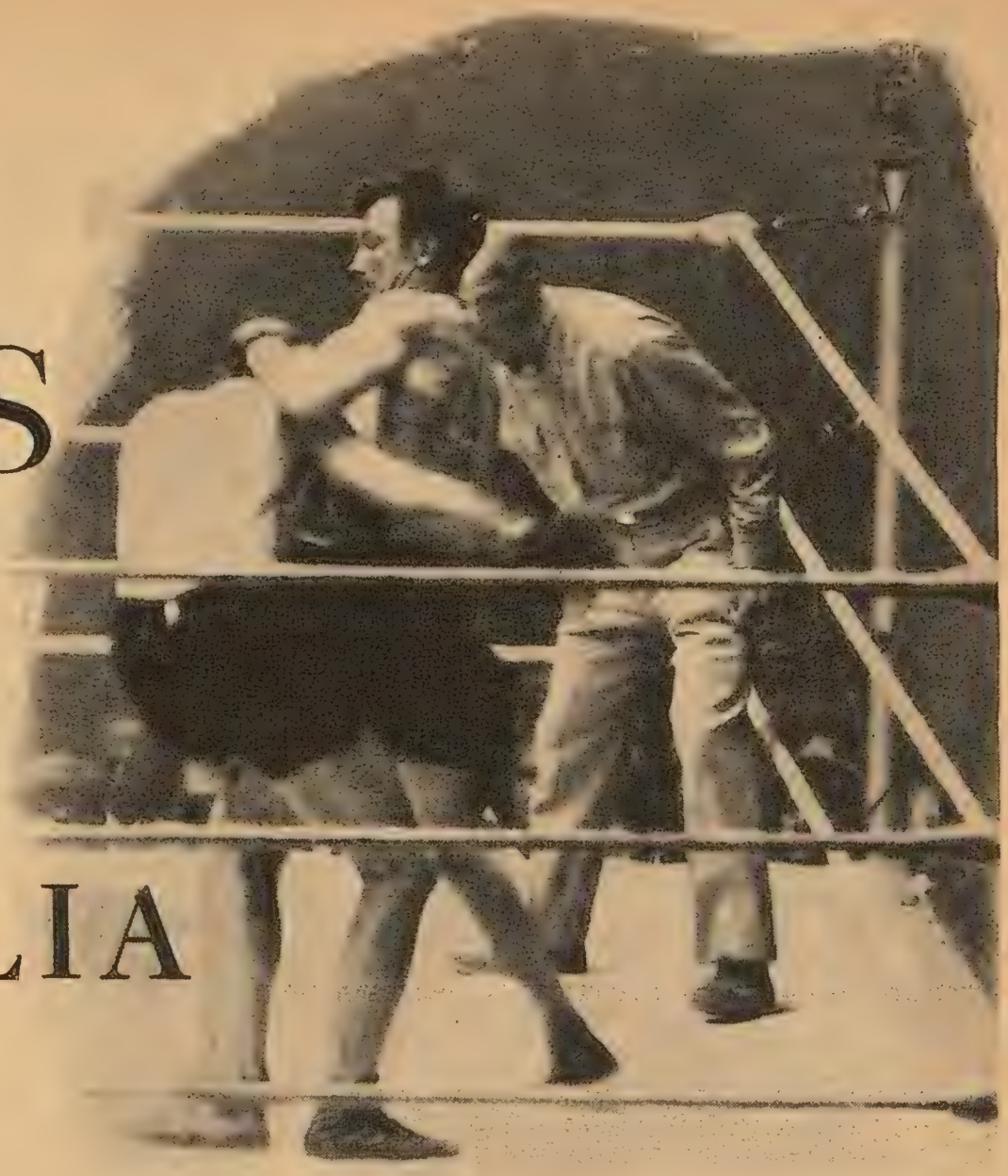
All the former and future critics who share Roberts' views should understand that not only does Chambers base his story on true events but uses scenes of actual historic action and the authentic names of both men and places.

I refer all those folks who doubt the authenticity of Chambers' characters to any history of this section of the country.—*Geo. Phillips.*

Smarty!

EUREKA, ILL.—You say your $100 is to get good short short stories. Well—why don't you?—*W. C. Brubaker.*

Inside the Ropes with Lou Magnolia



The Colorful Life of a Great Referee

By Sidney Sutherland

International photo
Young Stribling and Jack Sharkey (with his head up) in a clinch at Miami, Lou Magnolia refereeing.

Part Five—Conclusion

"I SAW the fight at Toledo where Jack Dempsey massacred Willard," said Lou Magnolia, "and I say this after due deliberation: the Dempsey of Toledo, or even the Dempsey of Firpo's downfall in the Polo Grounds, would have defeated the Gene Tunney of Philadelphia or Chicago with far greater ease and finality than he destroyed those two mammoth heavyweights.

"Save for Terry McGovern and, possibly, Stanley Ketchel, no fighter ever lived who rejoiced so furiously in the savage clash of gloves and ring wits as Jack Dempsey. Compared to him at any stage of his career, Tunney is a sad and colorless figure.

"Yet Dempsey got his breaks. All his life he practically wrote his own rules, and he always won after he became prominent until he was the victim of a break that favored Tunney."

I asked Lou to describe some of Dempsey's "breaks," but he seemed reluctant to dilate on this topic. I know, however, what he meant. Take the Firpo-Dempsey fight, for instance. Dempsey perpetrated five distinct fouls, some of them several times, any one of which should have caused his disqualification.

First, he stood over Firpo while the latter was down, and he did this repeatedly. Second, he struck Firpo before he had risen completely from the canvas. Third, he hit Firpo with two jarring left hooks while coming out of a clinch when Referee Johnny Gallagher spoke to both men and Firpo dropped his hands and turned his head to see what it was the referee wanted. Firpo didn't understand English and he had to *see* rather than *hear* his orders. Fourth, he reëntered the ring with the assistance of those outside after Firpo knocked him into the press row. And, fifth, he shot three short left hooks to Firpo's jaw after the bell rang.

"What would you have done in that battle?" I asked Magnolia. He promptly replied:

"Nobody admires Dempsey more than I do; nobody rates him higher among the great heavyweight champions; nobody likes him more than I do—yet a referee's duty to fair play, to the very existence of boxing, and to the spectators who pay to see the better man win, should have caused Jack's disqualification that night.

"There has been a lot of cruel criticism of Dave Barry, the referee of the famous long count in Chicago," Lou went on. "The Illinois rules specifically require the standing boxer to retire to the farthest corner before the count begins over his fallen foe. There is no flexibility to this rule: there it is in plain words. It was explained carefully and repeatedly to both fighters by the commission and by the referee.

"The rule requires the referee to see that the standing man goes to that corner, and commands him to begin the count after he has placed him there. This is what Dave Barry did. It makes no difference that the timekeeper had reached the count of five before Barry returned to the prostrate champion and started to count. If Tunney profited and Dempsey forfeited immortality and millions by this rule, well, it's just too bad! I would have done the same thing Barry did.

"In New York, given the same circumstances, Tunney would have been counted out and Dempsey would have won. Here the rules say that the fighter who scores a knockdown must retire to the most distant corner and that the referee must halt his count over the recumbent boxer until the other does go there. But—the referee

must then *pick up the count* from the timekeeper at ringside who is counting.

"Many persons always wondered why Dempsey never met Harry Wills when that overrated darky was called the black menace. Here's a story which may explain it.

"The morning of the Firpo-Dempsey fight, Paddy Mullins, manager of Wills, and the colored man went before a New York judge to apply for an injunction preventing Dempsey from fighting anybody until he had met Wills, whom he had signed to meet out West. The promoters out there had failed to make good.

"For Wills to have done such a thing the day of the fight, endangering Tex Rickard's huge investment and potential profits for everybody, so angered Rickard's friend Dempsey that the latter decided he would never give Wills a chance to cut in on a great purse by meeting him. Had a sympathetic and uninformed judge granted the writ, it surely would have created a vast scandal and probably killed boxing in New York State.

"Until Tex died he was the only promoter capable of handling the mammoth spectacle which Dempsey's appearance in a ring created. And Tex wouldn't promote a heavyweight fight between a Negro and a white.

"HOWEVER, Jack Sharkey exploded the Wills myth, and Uzcudun completed the puncture of the bubble by knocking Harry dead in four rounds, a battle I refereed.

"Paolino Uzcudun was never knocked off his feet by an opponent, although Max Schmeling massacred him at the Milk Fund bouts last June. I guess I have the distinction of being the only man to knock the Basque to the canvas. He was fighting Big Boy Peterson at Ebbets Field a year or so ago. He knocked Peterson down and out in the second round, lost his head and hit his fallen adversary while I was counting.

"This angered me, and I turned on him. 'What the devil's the matter with you, you fathead?' I exclaimed, and swung a right backhand wallop which landed on his broad chest. Paolino staggered backward across the ring and fell on his shoulder blades against the opposite ropes. I immediately disqualified him and gave the fight to the unconscious Peterson.

"THE foreign pugilists have often been colorful performers. Of course, Firpo ranks alone as a picturesque, bizarre figure. He had a million dollars in the palm of his glove, only to have it snatched away from him, first by having the breaks go against him, and second because he was meeting a champion who loved to get in close and whale away till something gave.

"Harry Persson, heralded as a sensation because he was the champion of Europe, came over to try his luck. In December, 1926, he was matched with Jim Maloney of Boston. I handled the contest, which was in Madison Square Garden. It wasn't much of a battle. At the last bell Persson was hanging on the ropes, half of his body outside—and that was the end of the Swedish champion.

"Squire Phil Scott, the British champion, started off under a handicap in this country. A splendid boxer, he had not only lost many fights abroad, but that wag, Don Skene of the Herald Tribune, dubbed him the Falling Tower of London, and that got a great laugh out of the galleries.

"The Squire met Knute Hansen, a handsome, clever boxer, also a champion—the champion of Denmark! It was put on in the Garden and I refereed. Knute slapped the Briton to the canvas six times in less than two minutes of the first round, and they had me so bewildered I was counting backwards, getting the tail end of one count mixed up with the start of the next!

"The seventh time he went down was from a long right swing to the jaw. As he lay on the canvas, poor muddled Scott grabbed his groin and yelled, 'I've been hit foul!' It reminded me of the time Jack Dempsey hit Bill

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

International photo from N. Y. World Syndicate

Brown Bros. photo

Jess Willard on the ropes in the first round of the pulping that Jack Dempsey gave him at Toledo. At the right: Gene Tunney knocked down in his Chicago fight with Dempsey. The famous long count followed this knockdown, and Tunney retained his title.

[INSIDE THE ROPES WITH LOU MAGNOLIA
Continued from page forty-seven]

Brennan on the jaw and Bill fell so hard he broke his right ankle.

"Little Pancho Villa was a colorful foreigner. This tiny Filipino was one of the great champions. He butchered Jimmy Wilde, the marvelous little Briton, and won the flyweight title. Villa was a concentrated packet of T N T exploding every minute from gong to gong. He never gave me or any other referee a bit of trouble.

"I refereed for him and Bud Taylor in Henderson's Bowl in Brooklyn. He won after fifteen hair-raising rounds. Villa used to talk rapidly to himself in Spanish during the whole fight. He died in California of pneumonia. We shan't see his like again very soon.

"Taylor was a great little fellow, both to watch and to referee for. Skinny, towheaded, blue-eyed, he looked anything but the great fighter he was. Strangely enough, two boys died while fighting him. Frankie Jerome, a classy New York City bantam, managed by Billy Gibson, was fatally injured by a right punch to the jaw in Madison Square Garden; and Clever Sencio, a good little Filipino, died after meeting Taylor in a Milwaukee arena.

"In March of 1927 I went up to Buffalo to referee a bout between Jimmy Slattery and Johnny Risko. I had to warn Risko numerous times against low punching and butting, and in the fifth round I waved him out of the ring.

"The career of Slattery, while not yet ended, is a tragedy. One of the most beautiful boxers I have ever seen, he whipped the greatest lads of our time, and whipped them with absurd ease. Jack Delaney and Young Stribling and lads of that standard wilted before the Buffalo flash with his lightning left, his dancing-master's footwork, and his keen ring intelligence.

"Youth and a prominence that came too early and the adulation of the leeches who fringe the fight game turned Jimmy's head and he began to step fast—outside the ring. The penalty of burning the candle at both ends was shown the night Slattery fought James J. Braddock in the Garden. I refereed. For eight rounds Jimmy did his matchless stuff. Then he tired and Braddock beat him down. I had to stop it in the ninth.

"THE greatest attraction ever staged indoors was a heavyweight contest put on by Tex Rickard in Madison Square Garden the night of February 4, 1927, when Jim Maloney, weighing 203 pounds, met Jack Delaney, 172. More than 18,000 persons paid $201,613 to see that elimination match, the winner to wing his way toward a match with Tunney.

"I was referee that night. It was destined to be the top of the arc for Maloney. He never again reached such heights of boxing, and he won the decision after ten rounds from the brilliant Delaney.

"One of the speediest and most scientific clashes I ever saw was the one I officiated in between Tommy Loughran, light-heavy champion, and Slattery in Madison Square Garden on December 12, 1927. Both boys pulled some fancy generalship. Loughran would glance up at one of the two big electric clocks in the arena and, when he saw there were only ten seconds left in a round, would retreat to his own corner, pressed by the sharpshooting Slats. Consequently, when the gong ended the round Tommy had only to drop into his chair while Jimmy had to walk all the way to his corner.

"Jimmy is smart, though, and soon got the idea. He decided to do the same thing, and I was astonished at the end of one or two rounds to see both boys break out of a clinch in the middle of the ring and begin walking backwards to their corners! I soon stopped that!

"It was a pleasure to referee that battle, for not once did I have to put my hand on either boy, or warn them, or do anything. When it came time to make the decision the two judges voted for Loughran, so I gave Tommy the hand. I had thought it was a good draw.

"TOMMY won the title from old Mike McTigue in fifteen rounds in October, 1927, in the Garden. I was in there with them. Mike is a cagy customer, and he made Tommy hit him low a couple of times. Tommy saw what Mike was doing, standing on tiptoes when he saw a body blow coming he couldn't ward off, or jumping up a bit, and it made Tommy sore. Mike was sore, too, so they both got a bit rough, and I had to warn them I'd stop the battle if they didn't behave. They both laughed, nodded, and went on in a correct way. Tommy won.

"Young Stribling and Loughran put on a good ten-round show in Ebbets Field in May, 1927, which I awarded, with the judges, to Loughran. Stribling somehow or other just falls short of being a great fighter. He is a brave lad and an expert goat-getter. All during the bout he whispered nasty things to Tommy about the Irish and about Philadelphia, whence Tommy hails.

"Loughran finally lost his temper, often a fatal procedure, and began to rough the exasperating Southerner. I warned him, and when he continued I stopped proceedings a moment and repeated my warning more seriously.

"An Irish fan suddenly called out: 'Hey, Lou, what the hell. Are you wearing a sheet, too?'—meaning to ask if I was a Southern Klansman favoring a Dixie boxer against an Irishman!

"The fight which definitely shuffled Maloney out of the pack as a championship card was one I refereed. Jack Sharkey, also of Boston, and Maloney had long been bitter enemies, in and out of the ring. They met in the Yankee Stadium on May 20, 1927, and Jim was a seven-to-five favorite. A great crowd from Boston came down, and the police were kept busy stopping private battles that might have turned into a riot.

"To win this bout meant a fortune, and they started in like madmen, and, believe me, they kept me busy. Finally Jack dropped Maloney three times in the fifth round. The last time Maloney couldn't get up. They helped themselves to a $250,000 purse.

"I had to stop a fight one night that I wanted to stop and at the same time hated to. It was between Sammy Baker, ex-army sergeant, and Ace Hudkins, the Nebraska welterweight, who is now a middle. It was in June,

The Greatest Fighters of All Time as Picked by Lou Magnolia

Flyweight	*Bantamweight*	*Featherweight*	*Lightweight*
Pancho Villa	Terry McGovern	Young Griffo	Benny Leonard
Jimmy Wilde	Al Brown	George Dixon	Joe Gans
Jimmy Barry	Kid Williams	Abe Attell	Kid Lavigne
Welterweight	*Middleweight*	*Light-Heavyweight*	*Heavyweight*
Joe Walcott	Stanley Ketchel	Bob Fitzsimmons	Jack Johnson
Ace Hudkins	Nonpareil Jack Dempsey	Sam Langford	Jack Dempsey
Mickey Walker	Kid McCoy	Tommy Loughran	Jim Jeffries

A fight fan for thirty-five years, Lou Magnolia has seen every prominent boxer from Jim Corbett's day to Max Schmeling's. For scores of them he has refereed. He is thus qualified to compare the past with the present, and his selections of the three greatest pugilists in each of the eight standard weight divisions are based on first-hand knowledge, not hearsay or tradition.

Some of the men named—Ace Hudkins, for instance—have passed on into heavier divisions. But Magnolia has placed them in the ones in which they qualified for inclusion among the greatest fighters of all time.

That many authorities will disagree with his selections only adds interest. The above are the heroes in Lou's story and he sticks to it. One test of the merits of his judgment lies in this question: whom would you bet on if each man listed were fighting any other man of his weight, past or present?

S. S.

1927, at the Polo Grounds, and was slated for ten rounds.

"Hudkins is one of the greatest fighters I have seen. He is a Battling Nelson in fury of attack and relentlessness. Sammy's a rough citizen himself, and no friendship exists between these two.

"For six rounds they gave me a fine workout, for neither paid any attention to me: all they wanted was to get in there and let fly. In the sixth round Baker tossed an overhand right that opened Ace's eyebrow wide. He bled dreadfully. In the eleventh Baker went to work on it, splitting it more and more with each wallop.

"I knew Hudkins would be wild, but I finally stepped in and sent him to his corner, technically knocked out. He was wild, all right, but I was warranted. They took six stitches in it in his dressing room.

"The semi-wind-up that night was a thrilling battle. It was between two Jewish boys who had immense followings and were bitter rivals, Abe Goldstein and Sid Terris. Each was a beautiful boxer. In the first round Goldstein let one go and Terris went down cold. He managed to roll over and come up at the count of nine. Dazed and blinded and helpless, he swung one in desperation and it caught Abe on the chin. Abe went down and never did get up. It was all over in less than two minutes.

"It upholds my contention that rare judgment must be used in stopping what seems to be a one-sided battle, for often the loser will turn the tide with one wild, hopeless punch. And that short match proves how well boxing pays the successful boxer. Each of these little Hebrews got $25,000 for a few seconds' work.

"Colonel Lindbergh was at ringside that night and stood up while Joe Humphries introduced him. Yet Lindbergh only got $25,000 for his perilous flight to Paris, and it took him more than thirty-three hours to earn it!

"I refereed again for Ace Hudkins, this time in the Garden against Rene De Vos, the Belgian middleweight. The gate was $64,499, and 18,099 citizens came, for they always come to see the type of fighter Hudkins represents. Rene is a good boy also, and the rougher the going got the harder he fought. We gave it to Hudkins, for De Vos wilted toward the end and became a punching bag.

"ONCE I had to act quickly and somewhat energetically to keep a friend of mine from being foolish. Pete Latzo, middleweight champion, was fighting Leo Lomski of Aberdeen, Washington, at Ebbets Field the night of June 13, 1928. About 15,000 people had come to watch the ten-round engagement.

"The fight itself was a riot, and it ended in a riot among the spectators. Both lads certainly went barroom. I warned Leo a number of times, for he was the worse offender, and at the end of the second round Jimmy Johnston, the Boy Bandit of Broadway, as this popular fight manager is called by the newspaper boys, ran around the ring yelling at me. He was in Latzo's corner.

"Of course I paid no attention to him until he started to climb into the ring. Knowing he was excited and likely to do something foolish, I put him out and told him to behave himself or I would disqualify his man. In the seventh round Leo drove a vicious punch below the belt and I stopped it, giving Pete the decision. The lights came on and revealed the young riot all around the ring, with the cops slugging merrily here and there.

"A somewhat exciting scene was staged when Young Stribling and Jack Sharkey weighed in the afternoon of that ten-round battle in Miami last February.

"Tex Rickard had concluded that Miami Beach offered a vast field for his talents as a promoter. He opened up a splendid greyhound racing plant and built a beautiful casino.

He decided to stage great winter prize fights there, and his first card was a contest between Strib, the idol of the South, and Jack Sharkey.

"He sent for his old pal Jack Dempsey, and they went into partnership to a certain extent. In the midst of the thing, Tex was operated on for appendicitis, and died on January 6. The world lost its premier promoter.

"William F. Carey, vice president of the Madison Square Garden Corporation and an able business man, went down and took charge, and he and Dempsey put on the fight. There was much hatred between the two training camps, some of it fictitious, for publicity, but most of it genuine.

"The night in January that Sharkey fought K. O. Christner, Strib wired him:

"'Keep your jaw out of Christner's reach tonight and save it for me as I want to punch it in Miami next month.'

"To this Sharkey replied by wire:

'Watch your own jaw. They're giving me $100,000 to sock you on it in Miami, although I would gladly do it for nothing.'

"There was much hostility over the

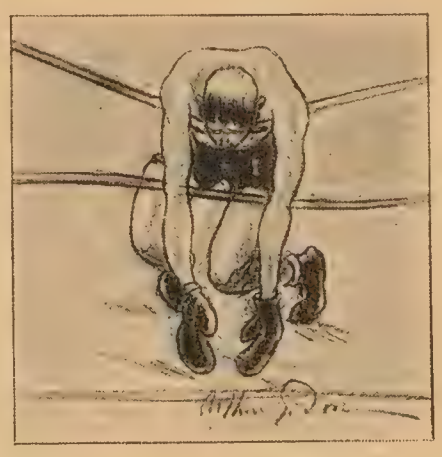
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The lights came on and revealed the young riot all around the ring.

Picture by Arthur G. Dove

[INSIDE THE ROPES WITH LOU MAGNOLIA]
Continued from page forty-nine

selection of the referee. Dempsey and Mr. Carey and the principals finally picked me. The morning before the bout we all met in the office of the Miami Beach Kennel Club under the grand stand. Present were Steve Hanagan, celebrated press agent; Pa Stribling, manager for his son; Dempsey; Johnny Buckley, Sharkey's manager; and myself. We discussed the bandaging of hands, the selection of seconds, the going to a neutral corner in the event of a knockdown, and the matter of foul blows.



"This last was the hot point. Pa wanted a doctor to decide if a man was fouled. Buckley scoffed at this and said I was capable of deciding.

"Dempsey began to talk of fouls, and suddenly Buckley flared up and said: 'You've got a lot of crust to talk about fouls—after what you got away with in the fight with Sharkey!'

"I ended the argument by saying that I would warn the fighter guilty of fouling, and if he repeated it I would disqualify him and give the verdict to his opponent.

"The men weighed in the next afternoon in the same office. Sharkey weighed first and stood aside. Strib jumped on the scale and as he stood there he pointed to his heart and said, 'Hey, Sharkey, notice how it is fluttering. I'm scared to death of you!'

"Sharkey growled: 'Well, if it ain't jumping now I'll make it jump when I get you in the ring tonight—and I'll make you jump out of the ring with it!'

"This excited Pa Stribling and he spoke roughly on the subject, whereupon Tony Polosallo, a friend and second of Sharkey's, socked Pa in the face. Somebody drew a knife and in a moment it seemed everybody had a knife. The two fighters got busy and stopped the riot.

"The fight, as a fight, didn't amount to much, and I lost no time in giving Sharkey the decision. I had been told the Southerners would raise the devil if I did, but Sharkey won and I said so, and nothing happened.

"When I gave Stribling and Sharkey their instructions, I spoke along the same general lines I always use in this part of my duties. Here, for instance, is what a referee usually tells boxers in the center of the ring:

"'NOW, men, I want you to shake hands and come out fighting. Don't shake hands again until the last round. Keep your punches up, for I won't warn you more than once. When I speak to you in a clinch, do as I tell you and do it quickly. Step back in fighting pose—don't try to sneak over a punch on the break. If one of you is knocked down, the other must immediately retire to the farthest corner during the count and stay there until the man is entirely off the floor. You both know the rules and you both know how to keep your heads, so let's have a nice, clean fight and get it over with. As for you seconds, I want to warn you not to interfere during the fight, and don't do any unnecessary talking, either.'

"Often the fighters talk to each other during clinches, barely moving their lips. The purpose is to get the other fellow's goat. An angry fighter is almost invariably a beaten fighter.

"Among the great figures in modern boxing for whom I have refereed are Paul Berlenbach, who won the light-heavyweight title from Jack Delaney only to lose it back to him; Mike McTigue, the strange old man who fights like a champion one night and a palooka the next; Johnny Kilbane, the great feather-weight champion, who lost in six rounds to Eugene Criqui, the gallant little Frenchman; and Johnny Dundee, a marvelous performer who has fought more than five hundred times against the best boys of the last twenty years.

"Fidel La Barba and Kid Chocolate are splendid boxers I have worked with. I refereed between them last summer when the little Cuban Negro won in fifteen rounds.

"Refereeing a prize fight is not a difficult thing, yet it is not so easy, either. Thorough knowledge of the boxing rules and the boxing commission's regulations and the capacity for reaching sound judgment instantly in a crisis are naturally of paramount importance. There are other things, of course, such as the condition of a lad seemingly beaten but actually able to carry on; the tally of points—so many for aggressiveness, so many for offensive skill, for defensive tactics, ring generalship, hard punching, rallies, fighting heart, the amount and character of the punishment sustained; and so on and on.

"The fees for refereeing scale from fifty to two hundred dollars for a title bout.

"I once refereed three championship contests in one week. On Monday, May 21, 1928, I acted when Sammy Mandell, lightweight champion, whipped Jimmy McLarnin in fifteen rounds at the Polo Grounds. On Wednesday, the twenty-third, I officiated in the fifteen-round title bout between Izzy Schwartz, bantam champion, and Bushy Graham at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. Izzy won. The next night, Thursday the twenty-fourth, I refereed for Tod Morgan, junior lightweight champion, and Eddie 'Cannonball' Martin.

"TO recall all the famous persons I have seen down below the ring as I stood under the lights waiting for the fighters to appear is to call the roll of all New York City's celebrities. Indeed, widely known men and women from all the world have watched the championship battles we have had of late years.

"A spectator who always appeared in the old days was Diamond Jim Brady, often accompanied by the Dolly Sisters. Diamond Jim was a rainbow of gems. He had a set of jewelry for each night in the week, and one time you'd see him covered with emeralds, another time rubies, another diamonds, another pearls. His pin, chain, studs, cuff buttons, rings were always of the same jewels.

"It's been a great game and I have enjoyed it immensely during all the exciting, interesting years that spread between Jim Corbett and Max Schmeling. Great fighters have come and gone, leaving their memories and their influence on the game. After all, it is the game that counts. It is a man's game, with no place in it for weaklings and crooks.

"My own activities are divided between the ring and my other business interests. I am Long Island representative and salesman for a wholesale meat and provisions house, dealing in reindeer meat, mallards, partridges, and other rare game.

"I referee many professional boxing matches and wrestling contests, and I also officiate at West Point and Annapolis and other colleges and universities. The boxing commission does not permit me to act for amateur boxing tournaments, but I'm like the motorman on his day off who rode to and fro on the street car—the nights I am not engaged officially I am usually an interested spectator at any good amateur card about the city!"

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Never the Twain Shall Meet

A friend and her two little boys arrived from the city late in the afternoon. I asked my niece to call her little brother to take the boys out to play. Harry looked in at the two immaculate little fellows. "Oh, gee, Sis," he exclaimed in disgust, "them ain't kids; they're pets!"—Effie E. Donovan, 2727 Dunkeld Pl., Denver, Colo.

* * *

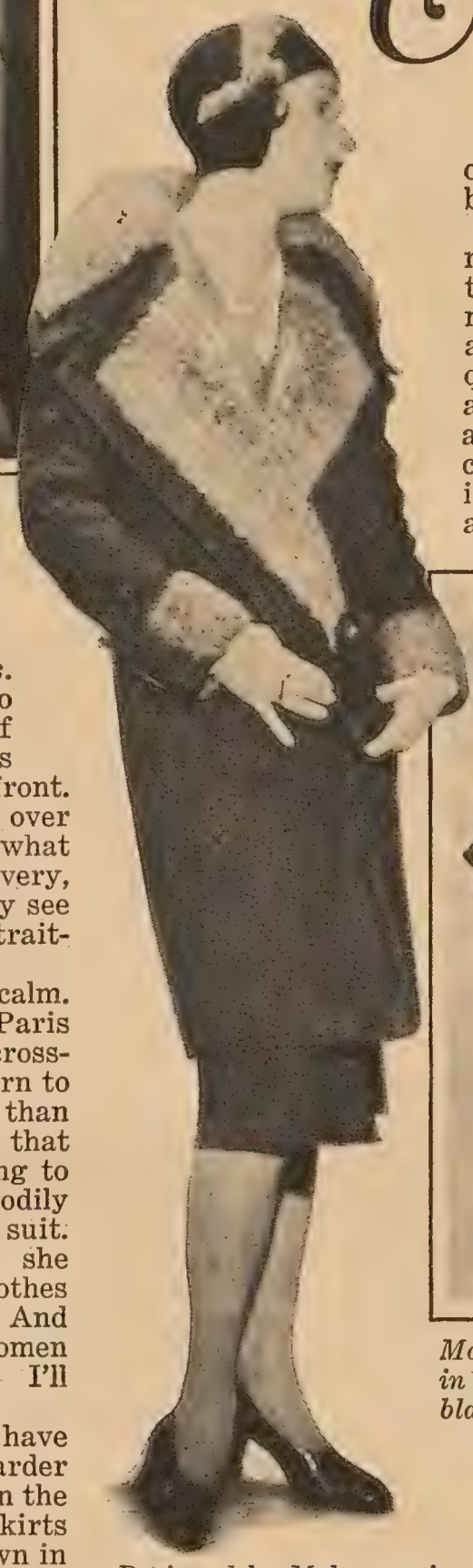
Depths of Misery Perhaps

Earl was attending his first concert. The bass singer, a young man whom we know, sang deep and low. Earl's eyes grew wide, he nudged his father, and asked: "What's the matter with Dana?"—Bessie Rand, Pownal, Me.

Fashion's Crossroads

By Bettina Bedwell

The Patou three-quarter-length separate coat made of brown-and-beige wool, and banded with beaver.



Designed by Molyneux is this ensemble of gray-and-black mixed woolen trimmed with astrakhan. The revers and collar are a style note.

Molyneux makes the coat in this daytime ensemble of black wool; the frock is a brocaded georgette.

Lelong suggests a cut-away jacket in the line of this velveteen coat by adding a circular ruffle at the back.

Paris.

CHRISTMAS is no time to start a fight. In spite of the season, however, all is far from quiet on the western front. A good many women are going over the top in an attack against what they believe to be fashion slavery, forced on them by Paris. They see gyves in the long skirt, a strait-jacket in the fitted bodice.

Wait a minute, please. Be calm. Enjoy your plum pudding. Paris fashions are at the midseason crossroads, and they are taking a turn to the right. No less a dictator than Jean Charles Worth assures us that from now on styles aren't going to be any more menacing to our bodily liberty than the bathing suit. Louiseboulanger opines that she first knew the joy of wearing clothes when she put on a short skirt. And is she going to see that other women are not deprived of this joy? I'll say she is.

Midseason fashions that I have seen in Paris aren't one bit harder to wear or more hampering than the flapper fashions of yesterday. Skirts for daytime are the length shown in our photographs. Is there anything gyvelike about them? Bodices allow a full five-inch expansion of the diaphragm without cracking the most fragile material.

The new styles consider the fact that we have to step lively; that there ain't no such animal as an idle woman in this brisk decade. Gone are the dripping, irregular hemlines. Lopped off clean are all the fussy details that cluttered up the sartorial landscape. Luxury loses out in its battle against practicality for daytime. And these are the latest Paris fashions—don't forget that. Refuse to take any others, unless they happen to suit your psychology, pocketbook, and path of life.

Our first photograph illustrates a Paris fashion, designed by Jean Patou, that is one of the greatest boons to the feminine mode—the separate three-quarter-length coat. This coat of brown-and-beige plaid wool, trimmed with beaver, makes no attempt to match the dress of sand-colored jersey, and gains in chic thereby. The Patou hat of beige wool has a new trick trimming of rings and buttons.

For the all-day-long ensemble Paris likes mannish mixed woolen, such as the gray-and-black fabric of the Molyneux suit in our second photograph. This material is made ladylike by the very wide gray-astrakhan-trimmed revers and collar on the three-quarter coat. Under this coat is a tailored skirt and a blouse of gray-and-black checked crêpe. The hat is trimmed with astrakhan fur to match the coat. Such an ensemble is far smarter for general wear than one with a longer skirt and fussier trimming.

A superelegant kind of afternoon ensemble is the one by Molyneux shown in our third photograph. The coat is of a lightweight black, dull-finished woolen, with a big collar and cuffs of blue fox; there are small capes around the sleeves. The dress is made of georgette brocaded with daisies, and it has a bodice curved in slightly and shirred at the sides. There are two circular tiers in front, and a full-length circular panel at the back.

Our fourth model shows the Lucien Lelong dress-up coat. Its material is velveteen in a gorgeous shade of aquamarine blue. Lelong adds an opulent collar and cuffs of beige fox, and he achieves a feminine silhouette by adding a circular ruffle to the straight back.

* * *

Worth proposes the bathing-suit evening gown, with a long, filmy skirt attached.

Agnès has designed a new type of winter sports hat—a white crocheted skullcap, with a long narrow scarf that you tie around your head with a side bow.

SHANGHAI

. . . magic name!

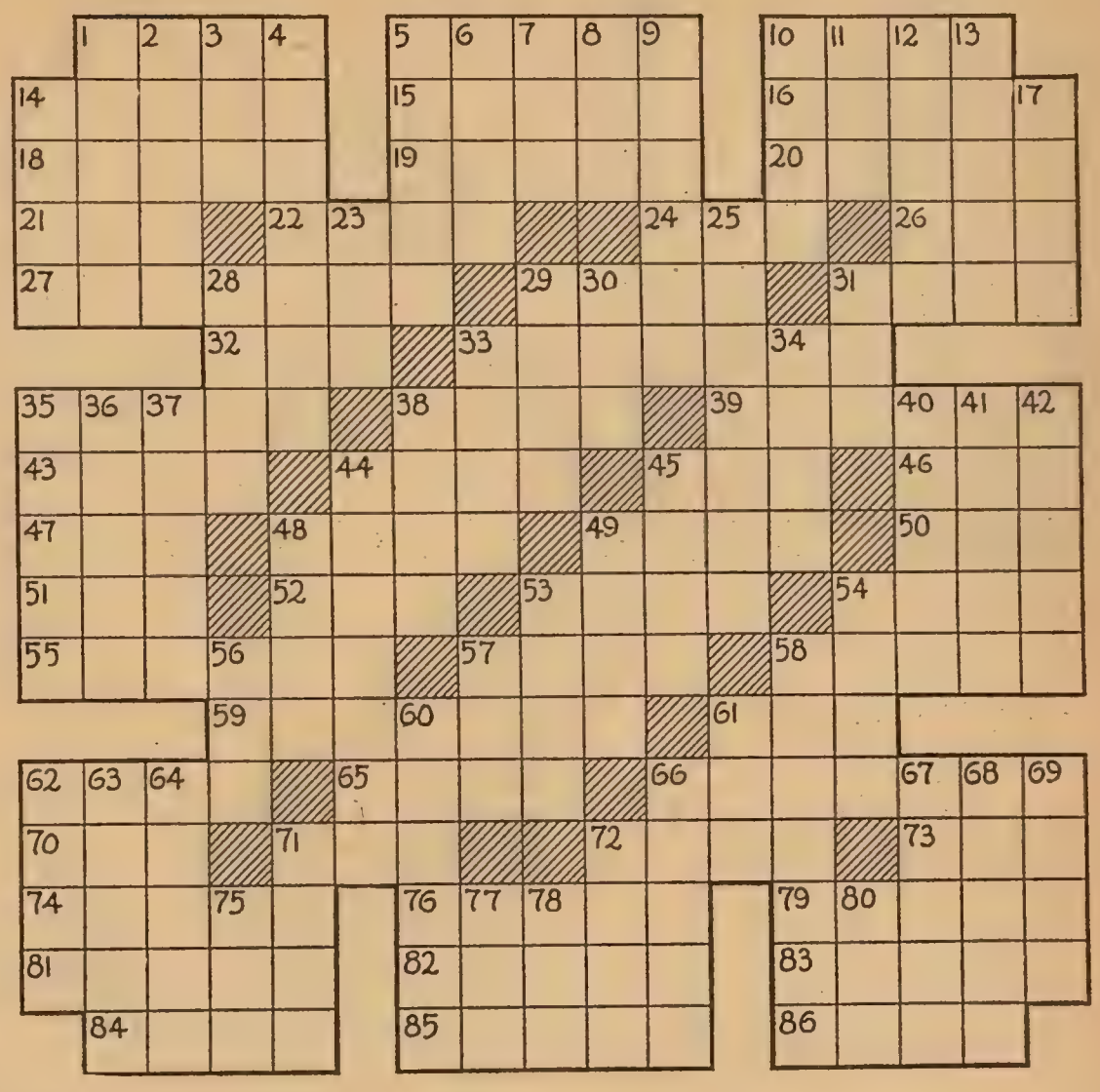
Where the adventurous spirits of the world rub elbows on the Bund . . . Modern on the surface, but seething underneath with all the age-old mystery of the Orient . . . Americans, British, Russians, Germans and Japs are the masters of Shanghai. The hope of fortune has led them here from the ends of the earth. They dream of the day when fortune is won and they will go home, wherever that is, between Warsaw and Paris and London and San Francisco . . . Yet, all the time they know not what adventure may befall them in

THE CITY *of* ALL MEN

as Frederick Palmer calls it, in his fascinating story of one of the world's most colorful cities . . . Look for Palmer's Shanghai article

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK!

Two Puzzles *for*

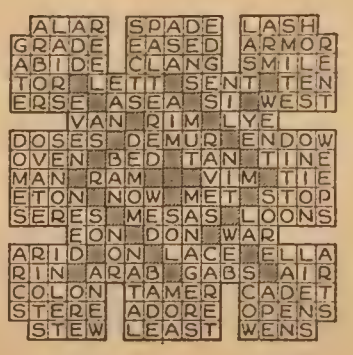


HORIZONTAL

1 A planet
5 Purloin
10 Cast off and renew, as feathers
14 A shade of red
15 To tint
16 Worship
18 Single; solitary
19 Mountain range of South America
20 On no occasion
21 Thrust violently
22 Spikes of grain
24 An inclosure
26 Bear young
27 To tread down
29 Malt liquor
31 Crafts
32 A fish
33 Instrumentalist
35 Guide
38 Young equine
39 Most recent
43 Demonstrative word
44 Unconcealed
45 Entire
46 Neither
47 Fit up; equip with clothes
48 Brief in language
49 Untrammeled
50 Fitting
51 A pronoun
52 Beast of burden
53 Driven obliquely, as a nail
54 Flexible pipe
55 Allow
57 Edible seeds
58 City in Delaware
59 A form of word game
61 Disfigure
62 Market
65 Beams
66 Progenitors
70 Ecclesiastical wine vessel
71 Uneven
72 Intoned
73 A constellation
74 Satisfied to repletion
76 Postpone
79 Sprites; fairies
81 Metric measure
82 Upstanding
83 Looks for
84 Egyptian goddess
85 Small hollows
86 Pitch

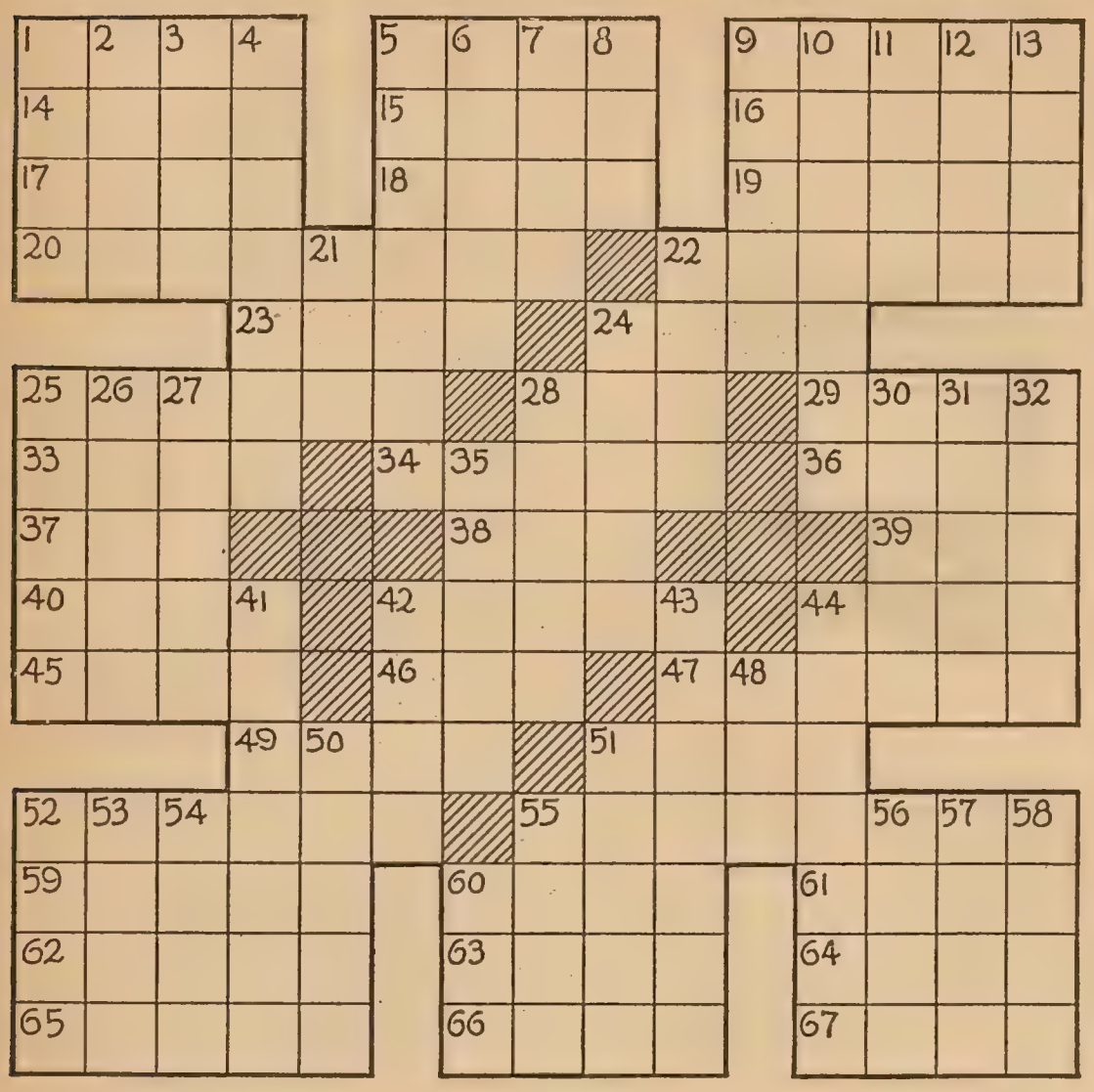
VERTICAL

1 A tooth
2 Scent
3 Hurried
4 Railway tie
5 Gaze fixedly
6 Metal containers
7 Conclusion
8 Duration of life
9 Abate
10 Consisting of a great number
11 A poem
12 Sweetheart
13 To negotiate
14 Two-wheeled vehicle
17 Birds of prey
23 The whole quantity or amount
25 Warbled
28 Join
29 Secretion of the liver
30 Corrode
31 Siamese coin
33 A wine
34 Auction
35 Sharpening device
36 Yours
37 Excited by desire
38 Conveyances
40 Invest
41 Wet thoroughly
42 Large plants
44 European curlew
45 Metric measures
48 A son of Adam
49 Froth
53 Social functions
54 At this point
56 Entangle
57 Inspect curiously
58 Of the greatest magnitude
60 Went about idly
61 A mortal
62 Religious service
63 Famous maker of violins
64 Classifies
66 Portions
67 Part of a church (plural)
68 Migrates
69 Sauciness (colloq.)
71 Poems
72 Followers of a creed
75 Silkworm
77 Prior
78 Marsh
80 A constellation



Answer to last week's puzzle

Cross Word Fans

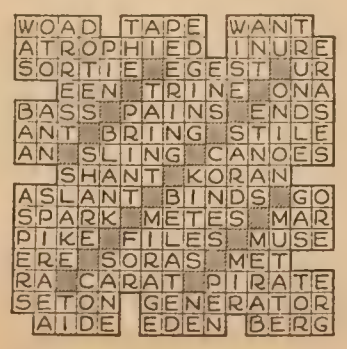


HORIZONTAL

1 Large bundle
5 Any intoxicating liquor
9 Measured by the sun
14 A child of Shem
15 Woman's nickname
16 Edible part of an animal's stomach
17 To clip off suddenly
18 Hebrew measure: tenth part of an ephah
19 Frame used for exhibiting paintings
20 Impressive in sound; high-sounding
22 Military guard
23 Gypsy gentlemen
24 Intoned
25 Binary compound of boron
28 Secret or furtive watcher
29 Son of Seth
33 District
34 Fruit of a palm (plural)
36 Rescue from danger
37 Man's name shortened
38 Conveyance
39 Thick, viscous liquid obtained by distillation
40 Suffix: inflammatory disease of
42 Domestic servants
44 Destiny
45 Slender bristlelike organ
46 Goddess in Teutonic mythology
47 Wooden pins used as oar fulcrums
49 Shaded walk
51 Couple
52 Concurrence or agreement of opinion
55 Resembling the hand with fingers spread
59 A flexure
60 Short loud sound uttered by a fox
61 Yawn
62 Minister to, as in illness
63 Gaelic
64 Ireland
65 Metric measure of area
66 An act
67 Party; faction

VERTICAL

1 A fish
2 River in Italy
3 Reclined
4 City in Kansas
5 Looked dismal or melancholy
6 One of the legendary founders of Rome
7 Plural pronoun
8 Elongated fish
9 A vessel of clay or stone
10 Fruit (plural)
11 Lean over to one side; careen
12 Imitator
13 Repose confidence in
21 A measure of length
22 Utters
24 Exhaust
25 That on which a thing rests
26 Declaim
27 To refrain from enforcing
28 Part of a flight of steps
30 Pertaining to birth
31 Elliptical
32 Becomes withered
35 Usefulness for a purpose
41 Tea urn
42 Term used in the game of pinochle
43 Walked haughtily
44 Wanders, as cattle, in search of food
48 Pronoun
50 Acute and rugged crest of a mountain range
51 To resolve a sentence into its elements
52 Divisions of a drama
53 Short or brief in language
54 Indian of an Algonquian tribe
55 To reduce by cutting or shaving
56 Any of several vetches
57 Resembling a certain style of poetry
58 Small hollow
60 Small plot of cultivated ground



Answer to last week's puzzle

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Stop a Cough Quickly

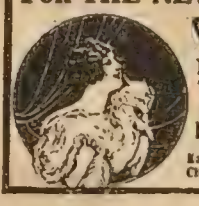
Doctors know the necessity of quickly stopping a cough—otherwise a serious condition may develop.

Piso's is pleasant, soothing and healing—it's effect is immediate. Excellent for children—contains no opiates. Successfully used since 1864. 35c and 60c sizes.

PISO'S for COUGHS

ASK YOUR BARBER

FOR THE NEW MEDICATED MASSAGE



WHYTE-FOX

Doubles your pep. Heals as it cleanses. Those who know are "crazy" about it. Made and guaranteed by makers Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic. Ask for valuable free booklet.

Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

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Coming

...a thrilling new romance of a daring band of international diamond smugglers and their ceaseless battle of wits with the secret service.

In Liberty, Soon!

"You're looking better."
"My pain is gone. I took—

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

Salicon TRADE MARK

The Night Before Christmas

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE Morses' home town was a mammoth Christmas card of swirling snow, frosted roofs, and gleaming crystal trees. Lighted church windows were ancient paintings of deep blues and reds, set in Gothic frames. Hoarse waits sang the wrong words to the wrong tunes under golden, misty street lamps.

"Good night," Ma was calling from the top of her stairs as she waved her hand à la Statue of Liberty. "I'm going to bed now. Watch out for the sparks on the hearth. I've been wrapping packages since dinner and I'm the original wreck."

Sandy threw his mother-in-law a glib kiss and watched her cerise kimono disappear with her head decked in holiday curlers. He was stationed on that dizzy Matterhorn height which was the top of the swaying stepladder.

This week's cover picture.

"That tree is a work of art," Lil murmured, opening a flimsy box of candy canes. "Of course, it's not the baby's *first* tree, but I think he was too young to focus last year." She licked her sticky fingers, and focused her own eyes on her husband's lopsided decorations. Then she suggested, "A yellow ball here, more tinsel there, and a big star on top."

"Hand me that box of rain," Sandy said, "and the job's over." He enjoyed a deserved ten-second respite by massaging his sore scalp where it had collided with the angular chandelier.

"Does it hurt?" Lil asked, ripping her underarm seam as she proffered the box. "It's the size of an egg."

"Sparrow, hen, or goose?" he grinned.

"Hen now, but it may turn into a goose any minute," she told him. Her pent-up giggle was really torturing, but she knew he'd bought her a white velvet evening wrap and even the dumbest wife practices that subtle game of Tact at Christmastime.

"And now! Oh, boy!" he whooped as he sprang to the floor with a wild scarecrow sprawl of arms and legs. "Shut your eyes and watch!"

Lil closed one eye and saw him pinch a finger while folding up the stepladder. And then? Sandy switched up the lights on their tree! Dabs of snow. Glint of silver webs. The spun gold of tinseled festoons. Shining balls of claret red and holly green. Yellow candles. A mystic star.

"There isn't a tree like this," Lil whispered, "in any palace in the wide wide world."

They sat down before the fireplace. Perhaps it was the midnight church bells ringing out the ancient Christmas story, and perhaps—

Lil and Sandy never knew how it happened. But the Nativity scene of old seemed to be mingling with the pale blues and golds of their own hearthfire.

(Next week's cover adventure: Happy New Year)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—at your favorite movie theater

"Her Eyebrows Like Twin Scimitars"

By Eileen Bourne

IT'S a poor heroine who cannot coax a pair of finely arched eyebrows out of her mamma or papa author. Such brows are draped like "a crescent moon" or "twin scimitars" or some other arched synonym. The arched line, out of books or in, shapes the ideal brow—moderately thick in the center and tapering to a point at each end.

Once in a while you see this naturally perfect feature in a usually faultless face. In its absence, however, woman is no more found wanting than in any other attribute affecting her pulchritude. She argues, "If I can make curves out of angles for my figure, why cannot I create more attractive brows?" And she proceeds to lend nature a hand.

Usually women are more aware of the lure of eyelashes than of the brows. Yet it is the latter that give expression to the eye and character to the face. Perhaps it is only a tidying up that is needed in your case. That growth of straggly hair above and below the brows makes the face look ungroomed and should be removed. A pad of hot water first, a dash of cold cream rubbed on and off, and the tweezers will work more easily. If the growth between the eyes is heavy, a destruction of the hair follicles by a qualified electrolysis agent is recommended. Removing these hairs with tweezers sometimes leads to a heavier growth. One may give the impression of more widely set eyes by shortening the eyebrow line on the inner edges a fraction of an inch.

Arching the brows calls for a fairly skilled hand. You may be able to accomplish it with practice. Some women let a professional perform the task at fairly frequent intervals. It may be that a straight line conforms to other features of the face, in which case it is better not to attempt any arching. This you may determine after experimenting with an eyebrow pencil.

The commonest error committed against eyebrows is failure to remove powder and grime and dandruff when present. The eyebrow brush should be just as active an implement of the toilet as the hairbrush. And during the process of daily brushing, the shaping, cleaning, and nourishing work should go on. A little gum-arabic water applied with the tiny brush will keep the hairs in place, or a bit of crude petrolatum left on after the eyebrow massage and traced over the entire line with the small brush will train it into shape.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No. .....

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Who Are These Presidents?

Can you rearrange these composite pictures and name them?

THE forehead is of one who was nominated at Baltimore; the eyes and nose are of a newspaper man; the mouth and chin are of the only man to hold the highest office in two branches of the government.

THE forehead belongs to a Solicitor General of the United States; the eyes and nose are of the son of the Governor of a northeastern state; the mouth and chin are of a Senator.

$25,000 in Prizes

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next fifty prizes ($25 each)	1,250
Next 680 prizes ($10 each)	6,800
One Hundred Prizes to Teachers ($100 each)	10,000
TOTAL (835 prizes)	$25,000

THE three composite pictures on this page when cut apart and put together correctly form the pictures of three Presidents of the United States. Can you name them? The Patriotic Game of Presidents is entertaining and educational—and Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes for the best answers, as explained in the rules.

RULES

1—Every week for ten weeks a set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States will be printed in Liberty.

2—Each set of pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

3—This contest is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4—The Composite Pictures may be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture write the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Calvin Coolidge, 1923 to 1929.)

5—In all, thirty pictures will be printed—one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of thirty. Then send them to Presidents, Liberty, Post-office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All pictures must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7—Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8—You need not purchase Liberty or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The Judges will be a committee appointed by Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

THE forehead is of one who was present at the convention which nominated him for the Presidency; the eyes and nose belong to a Secretary of War; the mouth and chin are of one who declined appointment to the Senate.

$10,000 to Teachers

ONE hundred prizes of $100 each will be paid to school-teachers whose pupils make the best records in the Patriotic Game of Presidents. When a child enters the contest he is advised to state the name of the school he attends, the name of his teacher, and the grade.

School-teachers: Get as many of your pupils as possible to participate in this instructive game.

A Set of Presidents' Pictures in Each Issue for the Next Five Weeks

The Rake and the Hussy

A Romance of High Hearts and Dangerous Days

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

"WHAT an amazing husband you're going to make," Naia Strayling said to me. Strange words from a girl whom the world already regarded as my dutiful spouse.

Naia had refused to marry me, but, as my gallant companion, had gone with me into the very heart of war—the War of 1812.

From her own lips, at length, I learned the secret of her refusal—learned that, when she was in England before the outbreak of hostilities, Fox Vulper, discovering that she was an heiress, drugged her to semiconsciousness, and was married to her. But under the strain of fighting against America he confessed to a friend, Mordhurst, that the marriage was only a hoax. Whether this was indeed the truth or but another trap I did not know.

What I did know was that I was tired of war. And that thoughts of the first fighting in the Battle of New Orleans sickened me—fighting in which the English had soaked the plain of Gentilly with their blood.

PART FOURTEEN—NEW ORLEANS

"I DON'T want to kill Englishmen, Naia," I broke out bitterly. "Why are they always on this side of the water, bedevilling us? Why don't they let us alone? I tell you, there'll come a time when old England will need our friendship and our long rifles. If only she knew how we felt toward her in our hearts—in spite of everything! But she never learns, she never learns, but goes on snarling, cuffing, mauling us."

She began: "If we have children, Joshua—"

"We shall have them!"

"Yes, sir, I've heard you express yourself on this subject. I was going to say that when we have children we should not teach them hatred of England such as General Jackson feels."

"No. . . . His mother and brother died of their cruelty and brutality, and he nearly died of it. If he hates them he has reason. But, as you say, our children ought not to inherit any ill will toward England. No. Because I believe before God that the day will dawn when all English-speaking peoples must confront a hostile world bent upon their destruction. And with the destruction of the Anglo-Saxon, liberty perishes on earth."

My sweetheart gazed upon me with tender pride. "Darling," she cried, "there is, under your warrior's uniform, an orator whose proper sphere lies in the halls of Congress!"

I thanked her modestly. I had sometimes thought of Congress.

"Suppose," said I, frowning, "that what Fox Vulper said to Mordhurst is true?"

"We could marry instantly," said she. "But if we do, and he's lying, I shall be a bigamist. And that's probably what he hopes for. Darling, you couldn't ever afford to fight him, could you? He's such a scoundrel."

I considered the matter gloomily while a long-billed wren, overhead, burst into the skylark's own melody, showering the garden with heavenly song.

"Oh, damnation," I said. "I fear there's nothing to be known or done until his attorneys drag you into court."

"He'll spatter himself and me for a few dirty dollars," she said. "Think of it, darling! And"—her head was lowered but she looked up at me out of wistful grey eyes—that lovely way of hers once more!—"would you still feel like marrying a girl who—"

I got up from my chair and she sprang from hers, retreating down the garden, but I caught her at the oleander hedge and she dutifully wound her slender arms around my neck so that she could listen closer to what I had to say about love and marriage.

The military music of a United States regular regiment, playing a stirring march, was coming down the street, preceded by a shrilly clamouring rush of negroes and ragged children. Stucco houses and walls resounded to the ear-splitting racket; the graceful wrought-iron balconies were instantly loaded with pretty women cheering and throwing flowers down upon the brass-mounted shakos and glistening bayonets.

"Vive l'armée!" cried a lovely Creole girl across the street, and impulsively tore a jewel from her pale throat and flung it among the troops. Fans, jewels, flowers, scarfs of lace, handkerchiefs followed like confetti at Mardi Gras.

Naia had nothing to throw, so she leaned over, kicked off her shoes, stripped the sheer stockings from her feet, and hurled them at the soldiers. They floated down like a pair of cobwebs, caught on the bayonets, and were borne on, trailing mistily in the sunlight.

For which extravagance I picked her up, set her upon a chair, and kissed both her lovely little feet to punish her.

WHEN the regiment had passed and the noise of their drums and cymbals rang distantly in the city, I buckled on my sword and went across to the Cabildo where I discussed some matter with the town major.

Jean Lafitte came in, a slender, elegant man with courteous manners, and looked no more like a pirate than did I. Nor was he, as far as I know, and committed no other indiscretions than polite smuggling.

He told me that he had seen General Jackson and had been politely received; and that he and his brother Pierre were to take over an artillery section and man it with his Baratarians who were extremely good gunners.

The awful and devastating broadsides that our war-sloop Carolina had given the credulous British, when they first landed, amused this sea eagle. Also he praised very warmly the resistance made by our five little gunboats; and we first learned from him what a frightful price had been paid for victory by the overwhelming forces in the British launches.

"Eh, bien," said he, "I go to prepare hell for our fr'e'n's the enemy, messieurs. And I do not believe it will be long now before they fry in it."

He went away gaily, laughing at his own grim jest.

I swept Naia into my arms; our good-bye was said in silence.

I suppose the British attempt to bribe him had aroused this jocose ferocity.

Captain Jugeaut and his Chocktah scouts—eighteen almost naked, brawny savages painted white and scarlet, and all aflutter with feathers—came into the Cabildo, where he was to draw blankets and hunting shirts for them. They had a number of Creek and Seminole scalps with them, not very recently taken. They were a snaky, dangerous-looking lot; and when they went out a mob of fascinated men and shuddering women trailed along to stare at them.

I left the office of the police late in the afternoon. Sentries wearing huge shakos presented muskets. But the guard was not raw enough to turn out or notice a lieutenant-colonel with drums and colours.

Clatter, clatter, clatter trotted the Mississippi dragoons down the street, Major Hinds waving a familiar hand to me and calling out from his saddle: "They're very active in the British camp, colonel! I think they'll be trying it again before very long!"

I wished they would and have done with it. I was devilish tired of war.

A detachment of United States marines was marching past my house as I came to it. Lieutenant Bellevue, their officer, saluted me and said that two fine new regiments had just arrived in the British camp and were being reviewed by all the bigwigs in their army. Not very agreeable news, considering that these new arrivals alone must number as much as a third of our own little army.

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THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
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As I was about to enter our gateway I heard drums coming again, and stood and watched a detachment of Kentucky riflemen and two regiments of Louisiana militia marching toward the river. Colonel Savary, of the San Domingo corps, riding by, pulled up to tell me that they were joining Morgan's troops across the river where the Sixth Louisiana under Arnaud was already scouting in advance of our flanking batteries.

He said, grimly, that he hoped the militia wouldn't run, but they usually did when attacked by rocket batteries.

"The trouble with militia is not cowardice but insubordination," said I, "and we'll always have trouble with them until they're utterly done away with."

He agreed with me, profanely, and galloped on after his slandered troops.

THE evening had turned a little chilly. There was a fireplace in our house, and Naia and I had our supper beside it.

She was not very gay, seeming to have a premonition of approaching trouble; and, after supper, nestled down beside me on the sofa, clinging to me with odd, inarticulate, moody persistency.

I saw a noble regiment of Scotch Highlanders halted almost within th

It was Saturday night and the stars were shining, and there was more or less noise and singing in the streets—but by and by I noticed that the hum was growing louder, increasing to a confusion of excited voices punctuated by cries and shouts.

Naia lifted her head from my shoulder to listen. The sounds in the streets had become a roar. As we rose to our feet our doorbell rang; Captains Chotard and Butler, of Jackson's staff, stood on the step holding their horses' bridles.

"Colonel," said Chotard, "they're moving to their positions to attack us. The general requires more staff officers and requests your instant attendance."

"Very well, sir; I'll be with him in a few minutes," said I.

They remounted and galloped toward the river. I sent a servant for my horse, strapped on pistol and sabre, threw over me my green-lined riding cloak. Naia came to me and fastened the gilded, eagle-crested clasps, handed me my helmet, and tightened the scaled cheek guard under my chin.

"Send me what word you can," she said in a ghost of a voice.

"Yes, I will."

"Oh, God," she whimpered, "to think that I ever wanted to see a war!"

Cavalry trumpets were sounding raucously from the Place d'Armes, and drums rolled from the Cabildo. There came the shock of heavy hoof beats, the clanking, jolting, jingling of a flying battery rushing southward, followed by Louisiana dragoons at a gallop.

I swept Naia into my arms; our good-bye was said in silence. Then I went out, mounted, and spurred for headquarters through a crowded, dimly lighted city seething with excitement.

Our men were in position. In a redoubt near the river, Beale's riflemen, St. Gemé's dragoons, and a company of the Forty-fourth regulars were stationed to support Captain Humphrey's battery of regular artillery.

The next battery was manned by bluejackets from the Carolina, under Lieutenant Norris.

At Battery No. 3 I saw the Baratarians—magnificent, brawny, piratical-looking fellows, and Captains Dominique and Beluche and the Lafitte brothers.

The fourth battery was full of bluejackets. At the fifth battery I saw regular artillerymen; and at the sixth, Louisiana gunners in their scarlet jackets and fur busbies.

ast of our guns, the front rank kneeling and firing, the rear rank firing over their heads.

Battery No. 7 was served by regular artillery and United States marines; and Battery 8 by Carroll's Tennessee militia and a regular or two.

When I reported to General Jackson, he was sitting on a camp stool in Macarty's shell-wrecked house, eating a little plain boiled rice out of a bowl—his usual dinner.

"Well, colonel," said he, "how is the city?"

"Excited, sir, but mainly loyal and full of courage."

"Any more treason? Any more placards, handbills—eh?"

"None, sir."

HE went on with his rice. "Is your wife comfortable?" he enquired.

I thanked him, saying she was perfectly comfortable and well.

"Be sorry for mine," he said gently. "It will be a long time before she knows whether I'm alive or dead."

He set the bowl aside, looked at his watch by lantern-light.

"They are bringing sixteen thousand of the best troops in Europe against us," he remarked. "I have thirty-two hundred men in line and eight hundred in reserve—mostly all volunteers and militia. How does that strike you, colonel? Want to run?"

"Sir," said I, smiling, "you have forgotten to mention your most powerful reserve."

He looked up at me.

"I mean the general-in-chief and his highly efficient staff," said I.

He grinned like a blue-eyed lion and thanked me for reminding him of so formidable a force.

"Nothing," said he, "really bothers me. I could wish that a discharge of their rockets did not scare our militia. It's the other side of the river that worries me a little. But here I think we'll give 'em a trimming."

He sent me back to Major Hinds with some orders concerning arms and ammunition not yet arrived from Pittsburgh, though long ago ordered. When I returned he sent me to the Louisiana riflemen in the woods, with warning to look out for a possible flank attack by British Indians lately observed in their lines, but of what nation we did not know.

About midnight the army slept on its arms. I reported once more at headquarters for orders.

"You'd better get some sleep, colonel," said Jackson.

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"May I respectfully suggest that my general does the same?" said I.

"You may suggest it, sir, but it can't be done," said he grimly.

He added in a kind voice that I was to have no concern for him, for, when I knew him better, I would learn that he had an inward distress that permitted little sleep, and that he had become reconciled to insomnia.

The camp was very still under the foggy stars when I lay down on a cot in my riding cloak to catch what sleep I might before reveille.

II

TWO hours before dawn our little army had breakfasted and was standing to arms.

Not even the wild ducks were moving yet. There was no sound at all excepting the restless snort and movement of horses and the hooting of owls.

Little by little the world stirred in its slumbers. A plover called; another answered. A wild duck quacked loudly from the marsh, and her drake answered in a softly murmurous gabble as though urging her to go to sleep again.

But the magic of approaching dawn was now making all wild creatures restless. There came a terrific splashing, a windy whirr of wings, and a raft of mallard rose and swept away through obscurity.

Herons began to croak; raft after raft of wild-fowl clattered up from unseen waters, and the darkness quivered with whimpering wings. General Jackson, mounted, sat his horse near to the central battery, peering out into the gloom. It was raw and misty out there where the tentless British lay unsheltered in the mud and shell holes. It was no less muddy where our army lay, but we had tents and shelter.

Also we had plenty of military music to cheer us, where the British army, apparently, did not possess a single regimental band.

About dawn we expected the attack; and it was just before dawn that Jackson said calmly to Captain Butler: "This is a chilly business. Tell the regimental bands to play. I don't care a damn whether they storm us or not."

In a little while, in the pallid dusk of approaching dawn, the band of a Louisiana regiment suddenly burst out into the President's March.

Distantly another regimental band began to play Yankee Doodle. Farther away still we caught the strains of a waltz played by the music of some unknown regiment near the river.

"I like music," remarked Jackson, "—anything that makes a pleasing noise. I can play a fiddle a little."

It seemed a strange thing to think about in the intense strain we laboured under. The tension became terrific as a rocket mounted from the British lines and went hissing and snaking about overhead.

The general observed it with a mild and contemplative eye.

"Why *will* militia skedaddle?" he drawled. "The rocket reminded me."

I thought to myself: "My God, if the militia run we're all undone." But if the general had any such idea it did not appear to disturb him, except to make him a trifle peevish.

Now, far away in the pale light of dawn, I heard a long-drawn, melancholy sound; and it thrilled me and flushed my cheeks; for it was the conch-horn of my Leather-legs calling them to horse.

"Not much music in that, colonel," remarked Jackson. "I do not mean disrespect to your state or regiment when I say it sounds something like a cow."

Everybody laughed, and the tension was relaxed.

His blue eyes twinkled. So did the two little gilt tassels on his great cocked hat. He caught me looking at them:

"Colonel," said he, "a chapeau is not a comfortable thing. I envy such men as your Leather-legs who wear no high collars, but have their throats naked to the wind, and a free stride in their rifle-shirts and moccasins."

"It is a very comfortable dress, sir."

"Yes," said he, "but fashion decrees that the devil wear hoofs and we wear boots, and I don't know which is the more uncomfortable. . . . Captain Butler, I believe they're coming. Lend me your night glass, if you please—"

What glasses we of the staff had we used. We could

There came the shock of heavy hoof beats, the clanking, jolting, jingling of a

see nothing; mist possessed the void beyond; it clung to the damp earth, to bushes, to the sugar-cane stubble. No eye could penetrate it.

Yet we could hear, from somewhere within that impenetrable mist, sounds ominous and enlightening—the vague stir and movement of thousands and thousands of men.

On our left, the sky reddened and the woods became vocal with mocking birds. On our right, fog hid the river. There was not a sound in that direction.

Now, out of the blankness in front of us whizzed a Congreve rocket, darting backward and forward, higher and higher, and spattering the clouds with golden fire.

Then, far ahead, a rifle spoke; another cracked out; another, another. Our outposts were in contact with the enemy's skirmishers.

Crack, crack, crack came the rifle fire running east and west in waves; but no heavier bang of British muskets answered, and the spiteful racket awoke no bellowing cannon hidden out there in obscurity.

JACKSON said quietly to Captain Butler: "I see nothing yet; do you?"

"Nothing, sir."

The suspense was becoming almost unendurable. Jackson turned his horse and walked him up and down before Macarty's house, we following him slowly. The east had become very red.

Then, suddenly a cannon thundered in the fog, another replied. Crash! A whole battery let loose and an orange-tinted light leaped to the sky. Now, running from west to east, battery after battery delivered its thunderous salvo—we could count and recognize each numbered redoubt. Long rippling crashes of rifle fire joined in the din.

"Butler," said Jackson, "I wish you'd go out there and see what's happening."

Captain Butler rode away toward that infernal uproar in the mist.

"Brooke," said the general, "will you find out what the situation is on the left?"

As I spurred eastward the British batteries opened

with an earth-shaking detonation, salvo on salvo; and all the air above us swarmed with hissing rockets and screaming flights of shell and shot.

I rode that half mile and back in a very few minutes

"Everything is snug, general. We are using grape in the woods where their black troops are skirmishing with our riflemen."

He nodded unconcernedly. Butler came back at a gallop:

"General, the whole British army is coming in three columns. Their Forty-fourth Regiment is in the centre

flying battery rushing southward, followed by Louisiana dragoons at a gallop.

and quite near. The men carry bundles of ripe sugar cane for fascines."

"Ladders?"

"A few, sir."

Jackson said: "Let them fill up the ditch with their sugar cane. They can't live on our parapets."

Never had I heard such firing as now came from our batteries. An uninterrupted blaze of cannon a mile in length—a hell-rocking thunder which never ceased.

The mist had thinned and the battery smoke now rose in crowding convolutions, revealing the ground beyond our parapet covered with sugar-cane stubble set on fire from the blaze of our guns.

And now we saw the most tragically dramatic sight that man ever gazed upon:

Out of the thinning fog ahead marched a British regiment of red-coated infantry in full campaign equipment, their heavy knapsacks slung, their heavy muskets shouldered, some of them lugging heavy bundles of green sugar cane, others dragging scaling ladders.

At their head rode their colonel, like a doomed man who had caught sight of Death just ahead but who never swerved to avoid his destiny.

Grapeshot tore them as hail tears corn; rifle fire swept them as sleet sweeps autumn leaves, stripping everything to skeletons.

To the right and left of them the heads of other British regiments appeared under torrents of bayonets.

UNHURRIEDLY, methodically, our batteries swept them to and fro, to and fro; and they melted away before our eyes; and still the crowding thousands behind them came toward us in one vast, moving scarlet wall, only to crumble into prostrate and scarlet ruin.

Then, for a while, there were no more redcoats in front of us except seventy or eighty dazed, stunned fellows who were wandering along the ditch in the smoke. Our riflemen came out of their redoubt and laid down planks, and drove these stupefied creatures inside our works.

Smoke dimmed the field. Into it, now, coming from the river, galloped a British general and his staff; and a vast horde of red-coated soldiers suddenly appeared, running toward us, bayonets flashing like a loosened deluge.

Then the thunder pealed from our parapets, shaking sky and earth; and, like shapes in a rushing nightmare, the redcoats and bayonets and galloping generals faded to phantoms in the smoke, dwindled, dissolved into nothing in the whirling blackness of the cannon smoke.

"Oh, God," shouted Captain Butler to me, "look!"

I saw a noble regiment of Scotch Highlanders halted almost within the blast of our guns, the front rank kneeling and firing, the rear rank firing over their heads. Their magnificent colonel sat his horse in the centre; their pipers were marching up and down, skirling away as though on parade. A hurricane of grape and rifle fire tore through them. Their colonel was down under his dead horse; half a thousand kilted giants lay writhing or motionless; only a single piper remained to limp up and down those ghastly ranks, playing his pipes like a galvanized corpse on doomsday.

As far as one could see, east and west for a mile, British troops were fleeing from that field of horrors.

OUR guns thundered on; our rifles crashed steadily. From the burning cane stubble in front, all life, all movement was recoiling, all colour fading, vanishing into the vagueness beyond. And after a while, before us lay nothing except smouldering stubble and mud and the dead lying in their brilliant dress under a misty sun.

Bugles from the woods sounded the recall for our pursuit parties. From battery after battery bugles blew "Cease firing."

Jackson spoke at last, his grim mouth a dry crack in his rigid face: "Butler, start the dragoons along the river."

I heard their trample as they defiled at a gallop.

A Louisiana officer rode up to report that our riflemen were chasing the West Indian black troops through the woods, and had taken many.

Then, from the river, came a white-faced, bedraggled captain of militia to say that our militia across the river had given way and were running from the field.

"Rockets, probably," said Jackson quietly. "Let them run; they can do us no damage now."

He looked at his watch, calmly compared it with mine.

"It has taken a little more than half an hour to settle this business," he remarked.

Officers began to arrive from the redoubts and batteries with news of the terrain in front of them.

The British had assaulted us in three columns and under three generals. Their commander-in-chief, Sir Edward Pakenham, had died just outside our ditch; Gibbs was wounded to death; Keane lay terribly mangled among thousands of British dead—three generals, seven colonels, seventy-five commissioned officers—that was the count, so far—all done for within half an hour.

We sat listening to the cannon firing on the other side of the river, and watching battalions of our reserve marching in that direction.

"Brooke," said Jackson, "I can scarcely believe that we have committed such slaughter in half an hour as these reports seem to indicate. Be good enough to ride out and see for yourself."

I rode down to the Crescent Battery garrisoned by the Seventh regulars and Kentucky and Louisiana riflemen. It had been assaulted and taken, then retaken by Batteries No. 1 and No. 2. Nearly two hundred British soldiers lay dead outside it.

Major Latour met me. He said that the British rush was extremely plucky. They were Highlanders, fusileers, and light infantry; their colonel named Rennie.

"When they took the battery they hoisted their hats on their bayonets and gave three cheers," he said. "They were gallant men. We left only sixty of them alive."

He said that all that time a wounded British soldier lay in front of them constantly raising and lowering one arm

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with a convulsive movement that horrified our men. But there was no way to reach him.

He said, too, that a soldier of the West Indian corps had his face shot away, and, although blind and in agony, was seen kneeling down and trying to scratch a hole in the ground to conceal his money.

He said that their Sussex regiment had suffered terribly, but was cursed by other regiments for cowardice—which, he said, was not the case.

"As for their West Indians," said he, "look yonder where our crossfire caught them! One volley was all they waited for."

I looked through my glass at the mangled, gaudily uniformed mass of dead men.

"There seems to be a dead white officer out there," said I.

"Yes," said Latour; "he was a brave man. He did all he could to rally them. He seemed to be quite unarmed—carried a riding whip. I hoped we could make him prisoner, but—well, there he lies."

All our batteries on the left had begun to fire again. I asked Latour if he would hold his fire until I could run over and see whether the white officer was alive.

"Yes," he said; "but please hurry." So I dismounted; a regular artilleryman laid a plank for me, and I crossed the ditch and ran over to the heap of dead men.

I scarcely know why it did not surprise me to see Mordhurst lying dead among them.

He looked peaceful—even pleasantly relaxed—quite dead.

WHEN I returned to the Crescent Battery it opened fire immediately, throwing shells far into the distant orange and lemon groves. The trees were golden with fruit and snowy white with blossoms.

"Save his papers and souvenirs for his family," said I to Major Latour. "He is Colonel Viscount Mordhurst—a friend of mine. Please see that he has decent burial."

Latour noted the instructions in his carnet.

Our cannonade had become tremendous again. We were firing on the British lines among the plantations and orange groves, and also raking the eastern woods on one side and the right bank of the river on the other. There was no venturing beyond our intrenchments for the present. However, I did ride over to our left and reconnoitre the woods where our riflemen were firing at flitting forms of Indians and West Indians still lurking amid the cypress.

Returning at a gallop, I learned that the general had left Macarty's; that Captain Butler was looking for me; and that fresh troops were arriving in New Orleans.

Butler overtook me near the river on the main highway.

"Some of the West Indian prisoners," said he, "have overpowered their guards, seized an armed sloop, and are headed for the Gulf. There's a white officer with them. The general wishes you to find Jean Lafitte, man a sloop with him and some of his Baratarians, and cut her out before she gets away."

"Very well," said I. "Will you take my horse?"

I gave him the bridle, dismounted, and ran down toward the Baratarians' battery which was banging away at the opposite bank of the river.

The battery was thick with cannon smoke which never cleared away, so rapidly were the guns served by Lafitte's free and easy cannoniers who, perhaps, had learned something of artillery aboard those mysterious ships of Barataria which flew whatever flag was most convenient.

Finally I discovered Jean Lafitte and his brother, sitting on barrels and tranquilly playing cribbage. The Lafittes rose courteously when they saw me, and bowed with smiling ceremony.

But when I told them what my errand was, they laughed, showing their dazzling teeth.

"Ah, colonel," said brother Jean, still laughing, "we have atten' to thees sloop already."

"What," said I, "have you stopped her?"

He led me to the slippery parapet and pointed over toward the river where I could see the mast of an anchored sloop:

"You see her, colonel? Ver' well, sir, I explain. Just before they run—our militia over there—I notice that already our Batteries Number One and Two have stop the black soldiers and have taken some prisoner to a sloop. Then Thornton catch Arnaud's men asleep—ver' disgrace, sir!—and there come up the river three British gunboat to fire upon us; and Morgan's militia run like hell!"

He made a lively gesture of consternation. "Mon Dieu! What to do! I tell you what I do. I turn my guns on thees gunboats. Then I see that the West Indians have taken the sloop from their guards and are hoisting sail.

"Ha!" said he scornfully. "What I do? I tell. I say to my lieutenant of guns, 'Dominique! You will be ver' kind to send me one shell aboard thees damn sloop what she is escape!'

"So Captain Dominique—who is ver' fine shot—he lay a gun himself. Boum! Oh, my God, the shell she bust aft, and pouf! thee sloop she has no longer any rudder.

"So there she lie in the mud until we have leisure to go and take back our prisoner—one dozen still alive—but Dominique he make a ragout of the rest with one little shell!"

Captain Dominique You, who had come up to listen, grinned at me politely and went back to his guns.

"Where are the blacks?" said I. "The general wishes them to be placed under strong guard. There's a white officer with them, I understand."

Lafitte turned to the parapet: "Ohé, Dominique!" he called out. "Where is thee white officer who has command the blacks?"

"He is here, mon capitaine. You wish I fetch him?"

"Oui, fetch him to here, if you will be so kind."

I rose and looked around the smoky redoubt, but could see nothing of any British officer in the smoke.

While I was searching with my eyes, Jean Lafitte, behind me, said softly: "Here he is, sir."

But when I turned I saw only Captain Dominique carrying a powder bag.

Then, before I understood what he was doing, he had dumped out of it a human head which rolled toward my feet.

"That is all what is lef' of the white officer, sir," said Lafitte. "The shell have take the rest. So Dominique he say we kip thees head so maybe his friends can say us who he is. Yes?"

But I, staring down into the blood-drained features of Fox Vulper, was thinking of other things.

An artilleryman picked up the head, wiped off the face with a kindly impulse, and placed it gently in the powder sack.

Lafitte said, "Hélas!" Then he shrugged: "Eh, bien! C'est la guerre."

For a few moments we said nothing. The crash of the artillery almost deafened me and my ears pained.

I said—or rather shouted—in Lafitte's ear: "Send this—thing—into the British lines when a burial flag goes out."

"At command, colonel!"

III

WHEN, at last, I found Captain Butler and got on to my horse, the cannonade had lasted for five hours.

But now our bugles were blowing the "Cease firing" once more. The last gun roared from the Baratarian battery. A mournful silence fell over the blood-drenched plantations where now had ended the fourth and last battle fought in the Battle of New Orleans.

As we rode along in the rear of the batteries we saw fires lighted and the weary cannoniers already cooking dinner. I had eaten nothing; neither had Butler. The trouble was, our general never ate anything at all—except his eternal boiled rice once a day, if he remembered it.

The Kentuckians across the river had disgraced them-

selves, but the Kentuckians on this side had covered themselves with glory.

A battalion came marching along just behind us on the main highway, singing, as usual, to the air of The Girl I Left Behind Me:

"I'll drink my fill
And I'll tie my will
With the tape I drop my wax on,
And I'll leave my wife
My debts for life
When I march with Andy Jackson!

"Oh, everybody knows
Where the sugar cane grows
On the land the bayou backs on,
And it's there I'll go
For to fight the foe,
Along o' Gin'ral Jackson!"

As we approached the levee we caught sight of the general and his staff; and a troop of Hinds' dragoons.

The general was gazing grimly through his telescope at the spot where the militia had fled.

Waiting for him to notice me, I reported when he did so.

"Very well," said he. "Now I want you to take a platoon of these dragoons and ride into the city where I am told there is some disorder. I want order! Do you understand, colonel? They seem to be afraid that Thornton is going to storm the city. Tell 'em not to worry. Ride about and see what's the trouble. There's artillery at the Cabildo. If there's a riot, use it. . . . And you stay there until I send for you."

Major Hinds heard him and detailed a platoon of horsemen; and away we pelted, cityward, to find out what the deuce was exciting the Creoles.

I discovered plenty of excitement in the city but no real disorder.

There was a crowd before the Bank of Louisiana, which we dispersed good-naturedly, telling them that their money was quite safe.

AT Chartres and St. Louis streets there was another mild riot—some mischief-maker addressing a crowd—but he ran when he saw us and the crowd joined in our laughter.

In the heart of the Vieux Carré, under the beautiful overhanging balconies where Creole beauties looked down at us, pale with anxiety, an excited fellow in the middle of a crowd was declaring that Morgan's troops had fled and that the British would be in the city by evening.

"Come," said I, forcing my horse up to where he stood on a sugar hogshead, "stop that nonsense. It's the British who are on the run. The battle's won. Go home to your wife and be ashamed of yourself!"

A tearful girl on a balcony called out to me to ask what had become of the Blues.

I took off my hat to her, smiling: "The New Orleans troops covered themselves with glory, ladies, and are in no danger."

A chorus of excited and grateful exclamations accompanied us as we rode past the two stone lions at Toulouse and Royal, past the courtyard where is the old fountain among the beds of a formal garden—the Court of the Two Sisters—past St. Peter's Street, where people were gathered about a house into which a dead Louisiana soldier was being carried, and came to St. Anthony's Close behind the cathedral, where Orleans Street begins.

Here some gamins had built a dangerously large bonfire. I was sorry to spoil their sport, but made them extinguish it.

There were crowds in the Place d'Armes, around the old Capuchin monastery and the cathedral, but I saw a strong guard at the Cabildo and two field guns pointing across the square, which were sufficient to impose respect.

We rode slowly through the Rue de l'Amour, Rue Madame, Rue des Bons Enfants where we were told a mob was rioting. Profound peace reigned there; and in Mystery Street, the Street of the Dryads, the Street of the Naiads, the streets of the muses—Melpomene, Euterpe, Terpsichore—everywhere the anxious throngs were orderly, obedient, and grateful for the cheery news we gave them.

Magazine Street, Perdido, Felicity, Nun, Desire, Rabbit, Julia, Virtue streets, all were orderly. Fear was making the population restless—driving them into the streets to listen and look into the evening sky. But the frightful cannonade which had shaken the city all day long had ended. Only a few distant cannon thundered at long intervals now. The crowds along the levee, straining their eyes across the river, heard no more musketry from the right bank.

UNTIL dusk we patrolled the city. At sunset it had become perfectly calm.

I sent the dragoons to the Cabildo barracks, turned my horse, followed by one trooper, dismounted at my own gate, and flung him the bridle.

Naia opened the door and led me to her room where she fell into my arms in a passion of happy tears.

"We've trimmed the British," said I. "God help them, they've been frightfully punished. Their losses sicken me. . . . We've lost scarcely any. . . . Mordhurst is bravely dead. . . . I saw him lying among his men. . . . Smiling faintly."

After a while she dried her eyes.

"Naia?"

"Ye-yes, darling."

"Fox Vulper is dead."

After an intense and painful silence she looked up at me.

"That cleans off the slate," said I.

"Do you want to marry me now, Joshua?"

"When I have time. There's a veteran British army below us, fourteen thousand strong. Nobody can predict what they'll do now."

"Is—isn't the war ended?"

"No, darling."

"Are you going away again?"

"I must—"

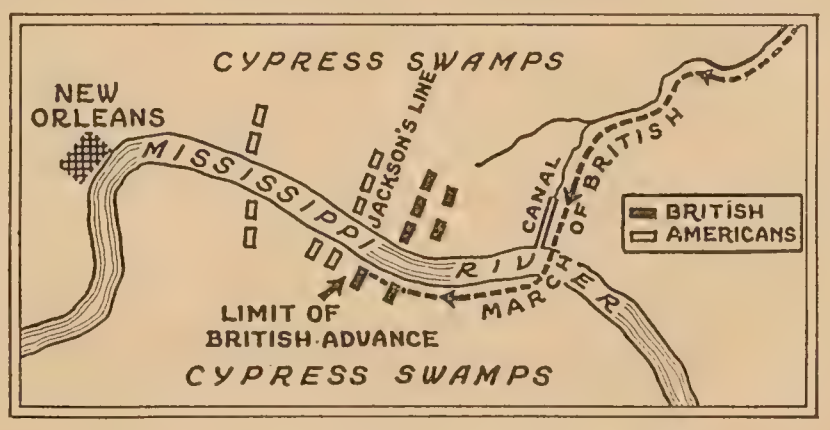
She uttered a strangled cry of revolt: "It's a cursed thing—war!" she burst out. "When this one is ended I never want to hear the word 'war' again!"

She buried her face on my breast, sobbing and clutching me with desperate hands.

Down the darkening street came drums and fifes playing The Girl I Left Behind Me; and the rhythmic shuffle and tread of tired infantry echoed from house and wall. Yet the men were singing:

"We'll buy us beds
For our pore, tired heads,
And a sheet to lay our backs on.
And there we'll snore
Till the war is o'er,
And dream o' Gin'ral Jackson!

"Hustle up, hustle up,
You goddam pup!
Quit the mud your laigs relax on,
For it's reveillé
And hell to pay
When you fight with Andy Jackson!"



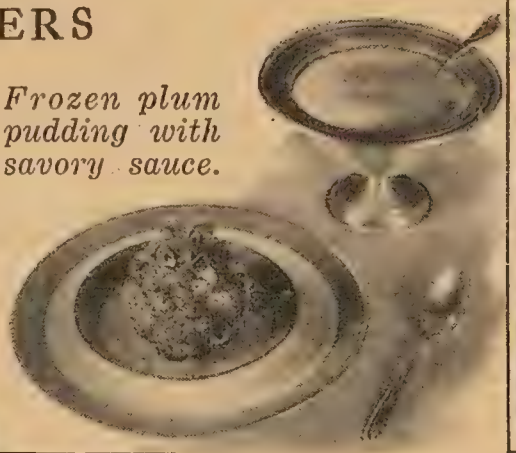
Plan of the Battle of New Orleans.

For Naia and Brooke the future is still dark. Misfortune at the eleventh hour, or happiness at Cock-crow Hall—they cannot know which fate is to be theirs. You'll learn what destiny holds for them in next week's concluding installment of this story.

The CHRISTMAS Dinner

By ETHEL SOMERS

A MERRY Christmas dinner is most essential to a successful Christmas Day. Some who have the equipment may want to make this a very formal occasion, but many prefer the quite homy Christmas observance. A great variety of foods suggest themselves for the Christmas dinner. Perhaps nothing says "Merry Christmas" with more cheer than the brilliant reds and greens of well prepared foods. A mat of boughs pruned from the Christmas tree makes an effective base for the fruit centerpiece. If, in addition, the service plates hold a fruity appetizer jeweled with candied cranberries, one is assured of a delightful Christmas effect.



Frozen plum pudding with savory sauce.

Poinsettia salad, made of a tomato, tiny cheese balls, and cucumber slices.

Cranberries garnish the fruity appetizer, and cranberry sauce provides colorful juice.

MENU FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER

Fruity Appetizer

Bouillon — **Salted Wafers**
Stuffed Roast Goose — **Cider Gravy**
Colored Apple Rings — **Spiced Peaches**
Casserole of Sweet Potatoes
Buttered Onions
Baked Corn with Pimiento and Green Pepper
Celery and Stuffed Olives — **Poinsettia Salad**
Frozen Plum Pudding — **Savory Sauce** — **Coffee**

Cranberry Fruit Cocktail

- 1½ cups finely cut grapefruit
- 1 cup orange, finely cut
- 6 stewed prunes, chopped
- 1 apple (skin left on), chopped
- 1 cup cranberry sauce
- 1 tablespoon chopped preserved ginger, if desired

MIX in the order given, taking care that each ingredient is nicely cut. Chill several hours before serving.

Poinsettia Salad

- 6 medium uniform-sized tomatoes
- 1 cream cheese, or any soft variety of cheese
- 1 cucumber
- French dressing
- Salad greens

PEEL the tomatoes and chill thoroughly. When ready to serve, place on a bed of greens on a chilled salad plate. Cut the tomato into eighths (not completely severing the sections). Spread these sections to represent a poinsettia. Moisten the cheese with French dressing and form into tiny balls about the size of peas. Place eight balls in the center of each tomato. Cut down the outside of a cucumber, fluting it very lightly so that the cucumber appears to be green and white striped. Slice, cut the slices in half, and arrange as in the picture above.

Christmas Salad Dressing

- 1 cup raw cranberries, chopped fine
- ¼ shredded green pepper
- 1 cup mayonnaise, boiled salad dressing, or French dressing

WASH the cranberries thoroughly and remove the stems. Chop fine and add, with the green pepper, to the salad dressing. This is particularly nice to be used on plain lettuce or on grapefruit, apple, pear, banana, or pineapple salads. Because of its brilliant coloring and piquant flavor, it greatly enhances even a very plain salad.

THE Christmas dinner is the Big Food Show of the year. The old stand-bys — roast goose, cranberry cocktails, and frozen puddings—can always be relied upon to give satisfactory taste performances. But why not introduce a few novelties? Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks contain many suggestions for delicious surprise dishes certain to thrill the most jaded of appetites. The booklets cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Hurry your order by using the coupon below.

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Frozen Plum Pudding

- 2 cups ground or chopped fruit-and-nut mixture, as
- ½ cup candied cherries or cranberries
- ½ cup candied pineapple
- ¼ to ½ cup chopped chestnuts or blanched almonds
- ¼ cup sultana raisins

(or ½ cup crushed macaroon crumbs)

- ½ cup figs, dates, or prunes
- ½ cup orange juice or nonalcoholic sherry
- 3 cups frozen mixture (ice, ice cream, or mousse)

SPREAD the chopped fruit and nuts on waxed paper and sprinkle with the fruit juice or sherry. Shape the frozen mixture into balls. Roll in the fruit and nuts until coated. Arrange on chilled serving dishes and garnish with candied cranberries and angelica.

Savory Sauce

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup water
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 teaspoon flavoring

BOIL the sugar and water for several minutes or to 220° F. Then slowly pour the hot sirup into the well beaten egg yolks. Beat constantly. When the mixture is perfectly blended, return to the fire, cooking over water with constant stirring. When the mixture coats the spoon, cool and add the flavoring.

Steamed Cranberry Pudding

- 1 cup flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup bread crumbs
- ⅓ cup brown sugar
- 1 cup chopped cranberries
- ⅔ cup finely chopped suet, or
- ⅓ cup butter
- 1 egg
- ⅓ cup milk

COMBINE the ingredients in the order given, mixing the beaten egg, milk, and melted butter, if butter is used, and stirring these into the sifted dry ingredients. Stir from one to two minutes, until well blended, and turn into oiled molds, filling these two-thirds to three-fourths full. Place in a steamer over boiling water for two hours. Never allow the water to boil up near the rim of the mold for fear it might leak in. Serve hot with hard or foamy sauce. This pudding may be made ahead and reheated by a fifteen-minute steaming just before serving.

Three blocks away was a goofy Englishman in a Greek restaurant eatin alphabet soup and droppin the H's through a hole in the spoon!

Love Letters *of an Interior* DECORATOR

Tuning in on the Talkies

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

The Pink Derby,
Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR EDITOR:

Ever since I got my wings clipped in Wail Street Ive been wearin out my cuticle in the Automatic. No foolin, the lunch wagons have been playin a double header ever since the blow up. Oh oh Brother what a set back. Each time you think the stocks are goin up a coupla points they take a nose dive to the celler and youve got to make a dash for the cash. No kiddin, the wrist watch has bounced in and out of the hock shop so many times that if I dont put it in regularly the guy comes after it. An not only that, it sure did stick a crimp in the booze racket. All the swell customers I had what played the market used to buy a few bottles of jazz juice every time their stock went up. *But no more!* Theyre cleaned out!

If you havent been hit with the market, you run chances of bein hit by margin grabbers hoppin out of windows. If you go in a hotel the clerk wants to know if you want the room for sleepin or leapin.

Well Im not kiddin you Mr. Editor. I had to do somethin to keep myself in biscuits so I hauled hips to the nearest studio to see if I could sell a few cases of moulten lead to the chinermer boys and girls. But the studios aint what they used to be. No, no more! Ever since the electric dept put the squark on the uptown side of the film you have to put on your felt slippers to talk to the watchman and what I mean. The studios are harder to break into than a National Bank. You cant even talk in a whisper but what it registers on the film.

One day I was watchin Jummie Cruze direct a pitcher of a weddin. Just as the minister asks—Will you take this woman for your awful wedded wife—the voice on the screen replies in a deep bourbon voice, *No, but I'll buy a drink!!* Now, it wasnt the bridegloom what said that. It was one of the newspaper men hiding behind the scene talkin to his pal.

Sure, theyve got to be awful careful about noises when theyre shootin scenes. Every little thing registers on the mikerphone like nobodys business. For instance, when theyre takin a fussy set they run up a big silver balloon from the studio lot on a wire and the aeroplanes dont come anywhere near it. Why even a fly will put a hole Roman scene on the bum if he gets on the mikerphone. His feet would sound like a coupla skeletons doin the New Orleans glide at a Pulman Porters jewbalee. If a guy wants to sneeze he has to take a taxi out to Pasadenia to get it offer his chest.

Up above the set where the actors work a guy sits in a glass house what is sound proof. The joint looks for all the world like an aquarium. Sure, a fish theatre. Well, this bird is called the modulator. He listens for the funny noises what shouldnt be on the screen. If he hears somethin foney, he toons it out. If an actor has a pansy voice the modulator turns the dial and makes the actor sound like he's a bloodhound. A twist of the rist would make Rudy Vallee sound like he was one of Singers Midgets singin under the bed. What a business, I partake of you.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

I never will forget the time when Raoul Walsh was shootin the Cock Eyed World. The modulator in the show case reported that there was a queer noise comin thru that he couldnt toon out. Right away pronto all work stopped. The entire troup was mustered together and ordered to empty their pockets to find out if anybody was concealing a bull frog, a pair of loaded dice or a handful of nice fresh crickets that were breakin up the works. But nothin unusual was found. Sleepin actors were woke up, nutty musicians had their E string tested, song writers had the pianos taken away from them, the carpenters saw was put in moth balls, the canaries in the producers office were stuck in the ice box and guys with hangovers had their bromo seltzer taken away.

Well sir, what do you think it was? No kiddin, you cant imagine! Three blocks away was a goofy Englishman in a Greek restaurant eatin alphabet soup and droppin the H's through a hole in the spoon!!!! They took his spoon away and slipped him a coupla straws.

Listen Mr. Editor, I think Marge will be back soon. I understand shes been out of a job for three weeks and the groceries are getting low. This Hollywood is a cold spot when the bankroll gets thin and what I mean!!

I think I'll leave Hollywood the end of this week and drive the Packard back to New York. By that time Marge will be fed up with the footlight business and be glad to come home. Shes a sweet thing, Mr. Editor, but like all wimmin, they dont know what it means to break into the movies. Honest if youre a good girl you go bad, and if youre a bad girl youre no good, so there you are!

The trouble with Marg, she believes everybody. Some goofy director told her she'd be a wow in pictures and from then on nothing could stop her. But shes found out theres no thrill in hiding behind grease paint and breaking up the pavement.

That dizzy dame shes livin with gave her a bum steer by filling her full of a lot of baloney about actors and servants and beach houses and sport coops and bunk like that.

Wait till I tell you about this Dizzy Dame. Shes married to a young actor what works his head off. Shes givin him just so much time to make good. In the meantime, she hops into the best stores in Hollywood and buys the swellest rags in the place. Sure, long silhouettes, trimmed in vermine, hot off the griddle from Paris. Metal brocades in vivid colors that would stop every goofy Marquis that fell out of a Crillion bar. While *hes* wearin out the grindstone to pay the rapp, *shes* wearin out the bridge tables and high hat affairs to catch some goof with a swell straight eight that will shower her with Hope diamonds when the husband fails. Believe me kid *if he does,* she'll take a fast and furious run-out powder and grab the brass ring on the Reno merry go round. What a woman!!

But thats life—easy come—easy go. If the hole worlds a stage, where are the dressing rooms?

Well, I got to go now

Yours for a headache,
MIKE.

P. S. Marge's girl friend with the crockery eye had a terrible misfortune. She took the Hollywood 18 day diet, ate it in nine days and took on 30 pounds. What a laf.

There'll be more from Mike, or maybe Marge, in an early issue.

Mistake Picture Prize Winners—A New List

Awards have been made as follows for the detection of errors in the four "How Many Mistakes" pictures which appeared in Liberty for November 16.

PICTURE NO. 1

FIRST PRIZE—$125

A. O. Barton,
1914 Madison St., Madison, Wis.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Ella C. Bennett,
834 Huntley Drive,
West Hollywood, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

Elston G. Yaeger,
280 Glen Ellyn Way,
Rochester, N. Y.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Harold Eide,
Box 286, Beach, N. D.

George Allan England,
Camp Sans Souci, Bradford, N. H.

Mrs. Anne Hinds,
413 Beharrel Ave., New Albany, Ind.

Mrs. Beulah Jones,
Freeport, N. Y.

Mrs. Charles Kennedy,
245 S. Cortez St., Prescott, Ariz.

Mrs. R. D. Morgan,
1113 W. Cottage, Houston, Tex.

Harding Palmer,
Ft. Douglas, Utah.

R. E. Robertson,
200 Seward Bldg., Juneau, Alaska.

Mrs. E. J. Rosenkranz,
Hutchinson, Minn.

Mrs. Ed. Waters,
Atlantic, Ia.

PICTURE NO. 2

FIRST PRIZE—$125

V. F. Sparks,
63 Penn Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Johanna Ashe,
1111 S. 27th St.,
Omaha, Neb.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

W. W. Anderson,
38 Mentelle Park,
Lexington, Ky.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Ray Blain,
Ft. Hayes, Columbus, Ohio.

Herbert Farrow,
1039 S. Humphrey Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

Greta Hansen,
1828 W. 10th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Edythe Hendren,
270 Turk St., San Francisco, Calif.

Anthony Kemberling,
1707 Surrey Lane, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Bud Marlin,
2640 Taylor Ave., Akron, Ohio.

John L. Mitchell,
2707 S. Dakota Ave., N. E.,
Washington, D. C.

Helen E. Shelton,
604 W. 36th St., Norfolk, Va.

J. L. Wharton,
1821 Park Ave., Parkersburg, W. Va.

Loa G. Winegar,
306 State St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

PICTURE NO. 3

FIRST PRIZE—$125

Dorothy Flynn,
1733 E. Sixth St., Tucson, Ariz.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Mrs. Goldie W. Brooks,
2116 Barringer Ave.,
Louisville, Ky.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

Mildred M. Busam,
213 Reese St.,
Sandusky, Ohio.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Chas. L. Birt,
3017 Harland Court, Topeka, Kan.

John N. Boyce,
102 Shaker Drive, Akron, Ohio.

A. Dickson,
222 Georgia St., Vallejo, Calif.

J. D. Dillon,
501 First Ave., S., Seattle, Wash.

Lou Flaherty,
Box 822, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Raymond Goforth,
Box 97, Lancaster, Tex.

H. M. Heinen,
3115 2d Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Byran Kimball,
24 Chester St.. Alexandria, La.

Mrs. N. W. Mammel,
1214 Irving St., Saginaw, W. S., Mich.

B. Frank Martin,
Lenoir, N. C.

PICTURE NO. 4

FIRST PRIZE—$125

A. N. McGinniss,
Bethesda Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Jean Campbell,
The Dresden,
Washington, D. C.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

Irene Moore,
205 W. Woodland Ave.,
Ottumwa, Ia.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Ellen A. Booth,
809 Empire Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.

Anna M. Dell,
145 S. La Pere Drive,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

P. J. Keating,
2723 San Marino St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Gerald R. McGratty,
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

John T. J. Mulligan,
3504 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

Garnet Nicholson,
Oakland Bank Bldg., Oakland, Calif.

Lloyd C. Service,
700 N. Walnut St., Lansing, Mich.

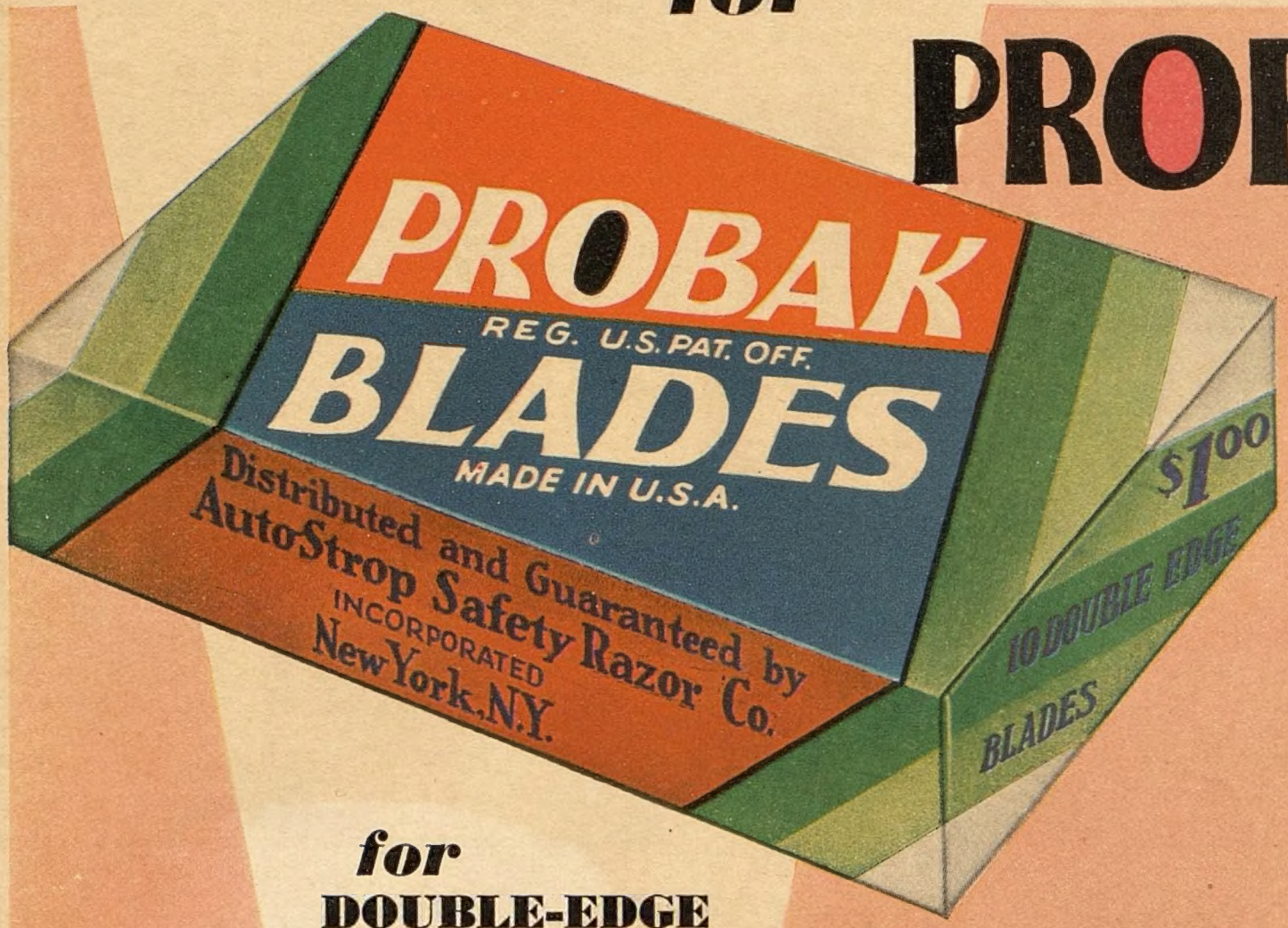
W. S. Stanton,
525 S. Front St., Wheeling, W. Va.

Earle A. Stright,
East Stroudsburg, Pa.

Lt. C. W. Truxall, U. S. N.,
U. S. S. Lexington,
San Francisco, Calif.

Awards for the four pictures in the November 23 issue will be announced next week.

LIBERTY *the Opening Wedge for* PROBAK



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In choosing Liberty, the AutoStrop Safety Razor Company did so on the basis of past results. They had in mind the exceptionally fine showing that Liberty made on their "Million Dollar" Valet Safety Razor campaign. . . . They know that Liberty, riding an ever-rising tide of popularity —now selling more than 2,250,000 copies each week!—is in a unique position for giving a quick take-off to first flight advertising.

Liberty is offering advertisers what Probak is giving self-shavers—high-tempered, double-edged value. First: a modern, youthful-minded reader audience of more than two million families, quick to accept new ideas. Secondly: a nation-wide dealer influence which makes for quick acceptance of a worth-while new product no matter how tough the sales resistance.

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